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SIXPENCE.
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MISS LETTY LIND AS MOLLY SEAMORE IN "THE GEISHA," AT DALY'S THEATRE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Is any great national purpose served by translating (sometimes very ill) the observations of foreign writers on our manners and customs? Amusement there may be, and perhaps a spice of irritation. The Briton is tickled by the blunders of the foreigner. It was a Portuguese author who favoured us with some immortal specimens of "English as she is wrote," and, I fear that monument of rash inquiry will cast a humorous shadow over the work of another Portuguese, one Oliveira Martins, whose "England of To-day" is the first of a series of volumes entitled "As Others See Us." The editor, Mr. Joseph Jacobs, is deeply impressed by the importance of this undertaking. It is designed to remove a source of national danger, namely, "England's ignorance of the light in which other nations view her." "England has only recently learned how she is regarded abroad, and the revelation was a startling one." It may have startled Mr. Jacobs, but I am not acquainted with any other sign of popular alarm. The Englishman is the most thick-skinned person on the face of the globe. He takes but a languid interest in the question, "Why are we disliked?" which is an occasional theme of magazine articles. Only when the foreign dislike seems to be shaping into practical aggression is he aroused from this apathy. The moment that danger is passed he relapses into disregard of foreign opinion, and cannot be stirred even by the assurance that he is a barbarous eater of beef, or that his Empire will go the way of Carthage.

Mr. Jacobs mistakes the value of seeing ourselves as others see us. To begin with, it is not philosophy; it is only the catch-phrase of a bard. The human mind is so constructed that we cannot use the eyes of others as well as our own; and, if we could, there would be no guarantee against doubling the possibilities of error. Of course, when a foreign expert criticises some concrete thing, say, the organisation of the British army or navy, we may listen to him with profit. Tonnage, horse-power, and the relative merits of weapons can be determined by simple tests which have nothing to do with national character or racial instinct. But when it comes to sweeping generalisations by a foreigner who finds our boasted "practical genius" a fraud as soon as his or her luggage is examined at Southampton, whose mind is stuffed beforehand with statistics about the increase of pasture-land, figures which turn the whole landscape between Southampton and London into a forage-factory and a slaughter-house, why should Mr. Jacobs expect us to be instructed by this mixture of a Southern temperament and commercial "cram"? Oliveira Martins knows how much meat and alcohol London consumes in a year. This shows a creditable industry; but it is scarcely the equipment which justifies the alien observer in tabulating our characteristics as if they were sold by the pound or the pint.

Has it never occurred to Mr. Jacobs that even the shrewdest observations of the foreigner are nullified by his blunders? Oliveira Martins has a great deal to say about Parliament and our political problems. He condemns the Speaker's wig, but is enthusiastic over the brevity and despatch of business in the House of Commons. "Few words and short," he says of the speeches. There is a kind of praise which excites more ridicule than extravagant blame. As for our problems, this Portuguese critic discourses upon proposals of what he calls "federative Puritanism," which is nonsense. No doubt his Lisbon readers believe that some English statesmen want to create a federal system under the supervision of the Lord's Day Observance Society. They are further informed that the Duke of York, on his column, has "a parasol on the head," and that the Duke of Wellington figures in Hyde Park "naked, and of the size of a rhinoceros, in the attitude of Alcides, brandishing a kitchen-knife." I thought the humours of that quaint tribute from the women of England to the Iron Duke were exhausted; but the foreign observer has given them a new and surprising turn. The transformation of Achilles into Wellington, plus Alcides, a kitchen-knife, and a rhinoceros, is a profound satire on our ignorance of sculpture, the classics, our military heroes, natural history, cutlery, and other branches of learning. Perhaps Mr. Jacobs had this in mind when he wrote that warning about our national dangers. To think that all these years we have mistaken Wellington (without his boots) for a mythological Greek! Bless my soul, this is worse than the delusion which an American observer exposed a year or two ago: to wit, that Cabinet Ministers in hansoms are not allowed to drive through a block in the traffic on Waterloo Bridge!

It is some comfort to learn that the Duke of York is protected by a parasol, though that, again, is a censure on our vaunted "practical genius," for, in such a climate, why didn't we provide the poor man with

an umbrella? But it dashes the spirits to find that we all have short necks, "the large jawbone of the powerful masticator" (necessary, of course, for the huge consumption of "half-cooked joints"), and eyes which are "fixed and shining like those of cats." These give the Englishman's expression "a ferocious character," though he is really a bashful and affable being. With our girls Oliveira is enraptured, especially with the blue-eyed, fair-haired "miss" who rides in the Row like a centaur; but, alas! after marriage, her teeth grow forward, her nose becomes red, and sharp as a razor; she has fog in her voice, and her neck is as lanky as a drake's. As for our morals, they are not "inborn," like those of the Portuguese. In Lisbon morality comes by nature, as reading and writing did to Dogberry; in London "religious piety" is dictated by the "instinct of preservation." All very rational and edifying, is it not? Lest any reader should be "startled" by these revelations, let me console him with the philosophy of Mr. Jacobs, who believes—good, easy man—that "commercialism" will "soon" level all international barriers and make the nations as one people. Let us hope that, by dint of selling our goods to the Portuguese, we shall presently become as civilised as Oliveira Martins, and lose that cat-like expression of the eye!

I am inclined to think that we can manage our own criticism without seeing ourselves through the spectacles of the foreigner who drops into gross absurdities. All you have to do is to cultivate a theory of the Ludicrous. Mr. Lilly has given us the results of his experiments in that line. He finds that the Ludicrous classifies itself easily under twenty-one heads. I commend this to University Dons as a useful suggestion for a college "exam." after the manner of Calverley's famous examination paper on "Pickwick." Perhaps the undergraduates of Merton College would be puzzled. I can imagine one of them accosting an examiner with "Please, sir, under which of the twenty-one heads are we to put the Warden?" To this the tactful oracle would reply, "Well, Mr. Jones, the student who cannot so combine the sense of the Ludicrous with collegiate piety as to perceive that the Warden comes under every head lacks a fundamental understanding of the subject. You may consider yourself ploughed." This judgment can scarcely be questioned after the Warden of Merton's speech at the Literary Fund Dinner. He said that the benefits of the Fund ought to be limited to those writers who had a true conception of literature, which he proceeded to illustrate by a wholesale denunciation of contemporary authors. Fancy a literary charity administered on this principle!

As the student may find twenty-one heads of the Ludicrous rather embarrassing, it behoves the educational reformer to give him a simple, workable definition. Why not describe the Ludicrous as an extravagant taste for solemn trivialities? That, I admit, does not embrace all the varieties of the species; but it lends itself to infinite application in this country. For instance, some ingenious daughters of British propriety have formed what they call "The Cyclists' Chaperon Association." This is designed to provide cycling maidens with an irreproachable duenna who must be a widow, or a spinster over thirty, and be fluent in several tongues. The chaperon as a linguist is evidently expected to cope with inquiring foreigners like Oliveira Martins, whose enthusiastic admiration of the English "miss" marks him as an object of suspicion. Imagine a flock of "misses" pursued by aliens with note-books, uttering respectful rhapsodies, till the chaperon alights from her "bike" and addresses the cavaliers in the best Portuguese or Manchurian, ordering them to flutter her doves no more! What awful tales would the foreign gentlemen carry home of the Englishwoman, with prominent teeth, who attacked them "carnivorously," as the observant Oliveira says of all English ladies who are not adorable "misses"!

It is not surprising that the possibilities of adventure to the cycling maiden have filled the Cyclists' Chaperon Association with alarm. The girl who goes for a spin in the country without the protection of a carnivorous widow may fall in with undesirable swains. The freemasonry of the "bike," I am told, is irresistible. A young man perceives with half an eye that something is wrong with the lamp of the wise virgin he meets on the high road. It is broad day, and the lamp is not an urgent necessity; but it is examined with technical zeal; other purely scientific questions arise; the conversation wanders to the landscape; the lamp of the bicycle is flameless, but eyes are all aglow; and goodness knows what further *mésalliance* may be kindled! Such dangers may be averted by a widow, full of the dialects of Europe; but suppose she, too, falls a victim to the cycling freemasonry! I am loth to plunge this dagger of misgiving into the fair bosom of the Association; but let the daughters of propriety bethink them that the spiritual stimulus of the "bike," and the Southern fascinations of Oliveira, might conspire to make the duenna herself a helpless prey to a romantic highwayman engaged in the study of our manners and customs!

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"A MATCHMAKER," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

It is possible to say a great many hard things against "A Matchmaker," but there is a weighty, if not quite satisfactory, answer to all of them—the play is entertaining. When one thinks of the well-built, respectable, canonical plays over which one has yawned, one may well forgive the numerous flaws in the piece by Miss Clo Graves and Miss Gertrude Kingston. No doubt it is a hybrid—too farcical for comedy, too serious for farce—and, like most hybrids, may prove infertile; but it is full of cleverness and an interesting amateurish audacity.

In the serious scenes remarkable skill is shown in suggesting the misery of the heroine in her mercenary marriage with a boorish, dissipated peer. There were tiny touches, admirably brought out by Miss Lena Ashwell, who acted with remarkable skill, that hinted powerfully the unspoken, unspeakable horrors of her life. That Rolles would have accepted her after her innocently bigamous union with the Marquess seems to me doubtful. In the love-speeches of Rolles, charmingly rendered by Mr. Lewis Waller, there was no little grace in expression, tending, no doubt, too much towards verse.

Nevertheless, success, if it come, and I hope it may, will be due to the comic scenes, which, if played faster, and if, too, Miss Kingston, as dramatist, objected to her own acting, and engaged the merry, broad comedian that the part of Mrs. Lane demands, should entertain all London. We may say "Oh, fie!" to the curtain—and candle—of the third act, and groan over the Censor's defeat, but it was very funny and clever. It is curious to see how, travelling well-trodden fields, the ladies have invented new pieces of business, such as Mr. Maltby's tip to the butler, given from underneath the table. How far Miss Georgiana is a conceivable picture of a precocious school-girl, I cannot say—school-girls are too embarrassing for men to study—but this tomboy, who hires out her sister's love-letter, who works as hard for a husband as if she were a garrison hack, and even tries to grab a peer by causing him to compromise her, yet remains at heart a mere childish imp, is a capital comic creation, and, fortunately, Miss Beatrice Ferrar was remarkably clever in the part, and kept the house in heartiest laughter.

It is a pity that the part of Miss Nina Boucicault, who, like Jeanne Raymond in "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie," is compelled to pay nocturnal visits to her husband, had not her work more amplified; it is some time since the clever young actress has been fairly treated. A pleasant feature of the affair lay in the curious touches of feminine character, which appeared notably in a *déshabille* scene of half-a-dozen ladies who gossipped in gorgeous petticoats and dressing-jackets. Anxious to learn from women dramatists the secrets that are discussed on such occasions, I was not a little grieved when this scene was interrupted by the play. There was much clever acting in this strange, interesting, hodge-podge piece beyond what I have named, notably in the case of Mr. Lesly Thomson, Mr. Alfred Maltby (a little uncertain at first), Mr. C. P. Little (very amusing and characteristic as the horsey, boorish nobleman), and Mr. E. W. Gardiner. Miss Florence West acted ingeniously as a curious German creature. I would that she had a part more worthy of her skill.



POSTER OF "A MATCHMAKER."

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A PASTORAL PLAY.

The charming pastoral, "Ipsithilla," by Mr. Justin McCarthy, was given at Oxford by Mr. Alan Mackinnon's Amateur Dramatic Society, in a series of performances in aid of the Christ Church Mission in the East-End of London.

It was put upon the stage with great care. There are four characters in the pastoral, Corydon, the Spartan shepherd; Ipsithilla, his slave; Alcibiades, and Daphnis. Mr. W. J. Morris, a distinguished old member of the O.U.D.C., was admirable as Corydon, Mr. Mackinnon himself was Alcibiades, and Daphnis was played by Mr. Arthur Ellis. The *Isis*, which, by the way, will soon celebrate its century number, makes a quaint reference to the piece. "We were all delighted," it says, "when Alcibiades offered wine to Daphnis a second time. The clothes were the clothes of Daphnis, but the voice which said 'a little more' was the voice of 'Bobby.' By the way, the wine-jar

appeared to be a sort of widow's cruse, and the goblet (of exquisite Greek workmanship) was provided with a patent arrangement by which the wine could not be spilled." Mrs. Charles Crutchley was very charming as Ipsithilla, making a hit in her cymbal dance. The incidental music was composed by Mr. Claude Nugent. The rest of the bill was made up with a performance of "The Nettle" and the first act of "The Money Spinner."

"THE FRENCH MAID."

"The French Maid," by Captain Basil Hood and Mr. Walter Slaughter, the authors of "Gentleman Joe," is the latest musical comedy—I believe that is what these pieces are called—that has seen the light in London. Originally produced by Mr. Milton Bode at Bath, on Easter Monday, it was brought to town by the energetic Mr. Mulholland, who gave it a hearing last week at the Theatre Métropole, Camberwell. It would be impossible and superfluous to tell the story, or the congeries of stories, which go to make up "The French Maid," for there is a perfect plethora of plots. Suffice to say that the scene is pitched in a hotel at Boulogne, where the French maid Suzette—"a bright little, slight little, sweet soubrette"—holds sway over the heart of a gendarme and an English waiter. The crews of H.M.S. *Bluebottle* and *Battledore* land—with remarkable results. In fact, what between the escapades of these tars and the crew of H.M.S. *Watteau* in "The Geisha," it is little wonder that the ratepayer has begun to be alarmed at the character of the British Navy. From the A.B. to the Admiral himself, the entire service acts in a manner which seems to indicate sunstroke or delirium. But it is not only the Navy that astounds us; there is a diplomat, too, Sir Drummond Fife, in charge of the Maharajah of Punkahpore, an Indian Prince on tour, like the Shahzada. After all, the story is of little consequence. It is enough that it holds the whole thing together. The ditties in the piece cluster thickly, like the currants in an over-rich fruit-cake. One would almost think that the songs had been written first and the story worked in between them. "The French Maid," however, is lively enough in its way, and the music is often exceedingly pretty. It is very capably acted. Miss Andrée Corday is the French maid Suzette; Miss Louie Pounds, the niece of the Admiral, is a sort of aristocratic rival to her; and the Admiral is very cleverly played by Mr. H. O. Clarey. Mr. Joseph Wilson is A1 as an A.B., and Mr. Kelly, as a patriotic, lovelorn lieutenant, built on the Hayden Coffin model, is responsible for not a little success of a piece which seems almost certain to be seen, sooner or later, at a West-End theatre.

The International Sleeping Car Company announces the departure of the Nord Express from Charing Cross to Berlin and St. Petersburg direct for Saturday next, and every Saturday following. The train, which starts from Ostend, is composed of the International Sleeping Car Company's sleeping-, saloon-, and restaurant-cars, with the necessary kitchen, Mail, and Customs' baggage-cars. Baggage will be registered through to destination, and examined on the train *en route*. The speed of the new train will be exceptionally fast.



IPSITHILLA (MRS. CHARLES CRUTCHLEY).

Photo by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

THE REVIVAL OF "HENRY IV."

MR. TREE'S PRODUCTION.

I could wish that other managers, when they find their theatres constantly filled by means of a popular play of no serious dramatic value, would imitate Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and give matinées of works really worthy of production. It is greatly to the credit of the popular manager of the Haymarket that he should show so sincere an interest in his art as to offer such an admirable production of "The First Part of Henry IV." It is only the other month that Mr. Lewis Calvert produced the play in Manchester, and Mr. Tree gladly availed himself of the experience of Mr. Calvert in mounting it at the Haymarket. That effort lay behind the Haymarket manager; before him danced the prospects of an edition by Mr. Daly, who has the audacity to propose that Miss Ada Rehan should play the part of Prince Hal. Thus Mr. Tree intervened between an achievement on the one hand and a promised achievement on the other, and he need not fear the criticism of comparison.

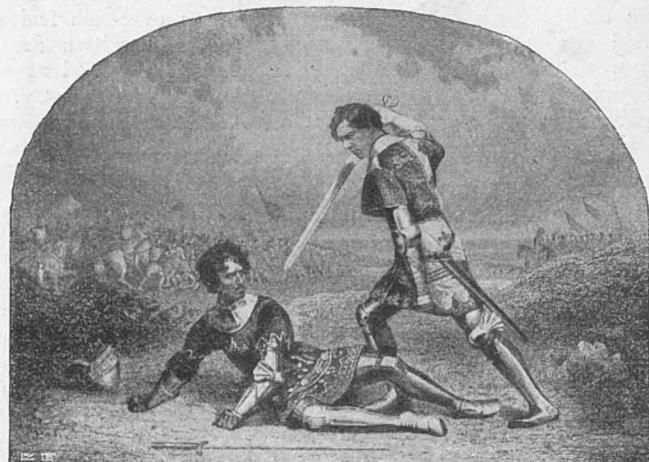
The play is one which, if less popular with playgoers than "Richard III," is, to many lovers of Shakspere, the most interesting and valuable of historical dramas. Indeed, I have known an enthusiast who always declared that he would sooner have created the Falstaff of this play than any other character in Shakspere's marvellous gallery. If there is a difficulty in the play, apart from its mere mechanical aspect, it is the overshadowing by the great fat Knight of Prince Hal and all the other characters. Yet it is not surprising that, although Shakspere obviously had a great fancy for the harum-scarum young Prince, who made so noteworthy a reformation, he should have been carried away by his joy in imagining this "huge hill of flesh," a joy that has been shared by generations of playgoers.

Of course, it is a very difficult play to mount, as must be where efforts are made to represent a battle. The only recollection I have of a presentation of the much-neglected piece is one by the Irving Club, some years ago, at the Lyceum—a very praiseworthy performance, in which, however, the stage-fighting was very funny. Mr. Tree, of course, if not much accustomed to the representation of battles, is a remarkably able stage-manager, and has conquered the many difficulties of production most skilfully. The panorama-tableau representing the hottest moment of the fight gave a very striking and effective picture; the single combats were well contrived and furiously fought. In every respect the setting was picturesque and interesting, and calculated to give an excellent idea of time and place.

With an important exception—that of Prince Hal—the company is remarkably good. The Hotspur of Mr. Lewis Waller gave as fine a rendering of a Shaksperian part as I can recollect. He was full of power, resonant and rich in voice, nicely discriminative in touching its restricted humours, gallant in bearing, and appreciative of the movement of the verse. Mr. Tree's Falstaff was a triumph of stage illusion; no one could have guessed that the fat old Knight was given by a well-built young man. The voice played a noteworthy part, and the actor contrived to modify his natural voice wonderfully, though, perhaps, he hardly caught the rich tones one hoped for. Taken altogether, his was a striking performance, full of broad humour and ingenious comic effect, but kept within reasonable bounds.

I should like to have another chance of hearing the overture and *entr'actes* written by Mr. Roze; his music was interesting in orchestration and rich in comic themes happily invented, as well as martial strains of dignity. One cannot ignore the very excellent Henry IV. of Mr. Mollison, an admirable elocutionist; the delightful Lady Percy of Mrs. Tree, the pleasing Welsh girl of Miss Marion Evans, and the immensely funny Bardolph of Mr. Lionel Brough, a triumph of quiet comic acting. Miss Kate Phillips was in her element as Mistress Quickly, repeating the success she scored in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," but, taken altogether, Mr. Tree was loyally supported by his colleagues on Friday, and the production is a memorable affair, infinitely to the credit of the Haymarket manager.

S.



H. MARSTON AS HOTSPUR AND F. ROBINSON AS PRINCE HENRY.

SOME OLD-TIME PRODUCTIONS.

The Fat Knight seems to have been a more sympathetic character to the actors of previous generations than he is to those of recent times. A man may have been a playgoer of many years' experience of the London stage without having made acquaintance with any other Falstaff than Mr. Beerbohm Tree's, who gave us the lesser Falstaff of the "Merry Wives," some seven years ago. Even the old playgoer can probably recall only the somewhat dry playing of Phelps and the excellent delivery of Mark Lemon. But in the olden time it was quite a different matter. Many comedians were famous Falstaffs. It has been stated, though on somewhat shadowy authority, that the original player of Sir John was John Heminge, one of the editors of the "First Folio." In succession to him came John Lowin, who acted the part, says Wright in his "Historia Histrionica," with mighty



CRESWICK AS HOTSPUR.

applause up to the time of the Civil Wars. After the Restoration, William Cartwright, one of the benefactors of Dulwich College, where his portrait may be seen, played Falstaff but indifferently; and he was succeeded by John Lacy, the favourite actor of Charles II.

The greatest of the Restoration actors, Betterton, in his old age adventured on the difficult character of the Merry Knight, and with distinguished success. His part in "King Henry IV." had been Hotspur, but, when nearly seventy years old, he undertook this new and arduous character. It is curious to learn that he founded his reading of the part on that of an amateur actor in Dublin, one Baker, a master pavior, who was noted for his acting of Falstaff, the Spanish Friar, Sir Epicure Mammon, and other strongly marked characters. Benjamin Johnson, the comedian, saw Baker act in Dublin, and was so struck that when he returned to London he carefully described his rendering of Falstaff to Betterton. The latter, says Chetwood, not only approved of Baker's rendering, but modelled his own upon it. Several actors, between Betterton and his eminent successor in the character, Quin, tried their powers unsuccessfully; but Quin made a great hit. He had every physical qualification for the weighty Knight.

After Quin there was an interregnum, until John Henderson, the Bath Roscius, undertook the character. His playing of it was remarkable for the richness of the humour, as Quin's had been famous for the brilliancy of the wit; and it was no slight honour to Henderson that old playgoers thought him worthy of comparison with Quin.

Coming now near the end of last century, we find an excellent Falstaff in Thomas Ryder, a famous Dublin manager, who was said to play equally well in tragedy, comedy, opera, or farce. Not by any means so successful was the next Falstaff we illustrate—Stephen Kemble, the "big" Mr. Kemble, whom the Covent Garden management engaged instead of the "great" Mr. Kemble, John Philip. Stephen had the unique distinction of being of so ponderous bulk that he could play Falstaff without any padding whatever.

William Dowton, one of the most chaste of comedians, found in Falstaff one of his best parts, and, in the memory of some very old playgoers, challenged comparison with Henderson himself. While Dowton was still in possession of the part, his manager, Robert William Elliston, essayed it at Drury Lane for two nights only, but with what success I know not. With Bartley, a dry and not very unctuous Falstaff, and the American actor, Hackett, who made a great success in the part, our list of representatives of the Merry Knight ends, and we pass to the most freely illustrated of the other characters, Hotspur, in which we show Alexander Pope, whose qualities as an epicure would seem to have fitted better the Fat Knight than Hotspur; John Philip Kemble, Henry Marston, and William Creswick. It is curious to note that John Kemble always made Hotspur wear the Order of the Garter, although there is no historical warrant for the proceeding. A gentleman took the trouble to inspect the register of the Order of the Garter, and informed Kemble that Hotspur's name did not appear in it, but John Philip would not sacrifice his decoration. Elliston, on the other hand, had the good sense to remove the Order when he received the same information.—R. W. L.

OLD-WORLD ACTORS IN "HENRY IV."



LEWIS AS THE PRINCE OF WALES.



JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE AS HOTSPUR.



ALEXANDER POPE AS HOTSPUR.



RYDER AS FALSTAFF.



MR. ELLISTON AS FALSTAFF.



WILLIAM DOWTON AS FALSTAFF.



GEORGE BARTLEY AS FALSTAFF.



HACKETT AS FALSTAFF.



STEPHEN KEMBLE AS FALSTAFF.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen feels much the better for her trip abroad, although it is said she will never again hold another Drawing-Room in person. The Prince of Wales is to be installed Chancellor of the University of Wales in June.

The line of Governors or Captains of the Isle of Wight, to which Princess Beatrice is the latest addition, is a long one. The first Governor after the Norman Conquest was William Fitzosborne, Earl of Hereford, and a vast favourite with his royal master. Then came a succession of Governors until the reign of Henry VII., when that monarch appointed Sir Edward Woodville Captain. Subsequent appointments were as Captain and Governor. Princess Beatrice, however, is by no means the first female Governor of the "Garden of England." One of the ladies of the Redvers family, Amicia de Clare, the widow of a Governor, held it for years till her death in 1283, and was succeeded by Isabella, widow of William de Fortibus, Earl of Albemarle, who was Countess of Albemarle, Countess of Devon, and Lady of the Isle of Wight. This lady kept almost royal state at Carisbrooke, and left her powers and privileges to Edward I. A third lady Governor was Philippa, widow of that Duke of York who was first cousin to Richard II. and was killed at Agincourt, when the gallant Harry of Monmouth appointed the widowed Duchess to the office. These, I believe, are the only feminine predecessors of Princess Beatrice, but among the Governors and Captains have been many men of note. Edward III. held the office when Earl of Chester and a mere child. William Montacute, the celebrated Earl of Salisbury of the second Richard's days, was a Governor of the Wight, and so was Humphrey Duke of Gloucester. At the time of the Armada—a stirring period this for our southern coasts—the island had Sir George Carey for its Captain, and, at a somewhat later date, Shakspere's friend and patron, the cultivated Earl of Southampton. Among the Captains of the eighteenth century was Lieut.-General Webb, familiar to readers of Thackeray. The Isle of Wight, I may say, is not the only English island that has had a lady Governor. The Isle of Man can boast the same honour. In the Stuart days the island was governed by the celebrated Charlotte de la Trémouille, the Dowager Countess of Derby, the Queen-Dowager, as Sir Walter terms her, the spirited mistress of "Fenella" in "Peveril of the Peak."

The fashion of Fauré, which has been for some time in Paris, affected London, too, during the composer's visit. All the musical magnates conspired to do him honour, and even unmusical people were content to follow when the lead was given by Lady de Grey, Lady Granby,

dressed in black, with a very pretty daughter in white; Mr. Sargent, and many others known to fame. On the Thursday was a concert at Metzler's Rooms, when Miss Esther Palliser, M. Bagès, and M. Fauré himself interpreted the music, and two songs of Piernés were sung by Mrs. Batten, and some new songs by Adela Maddison were in the programme. Among the guests were Lady de Grey, in blue satin and silver, with diamonds fastening in a black aigrette in



COLONEL SOUTHEY, OF THE CAPE COLONY VOLUNTEERS.

her hair; Lady Radnor, in black satin; an artistic trio composed of Lady Granby and Mrs. Henry Cust, both dressed very much alike in grey, and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, in yellow brocade; Mr. and Mrs. George Keppel, Mrs. John Leslie, Sir William and Lady Young, the Master of the Ceremonies, Colonel Colvile and his daughter, Mr. Hamilton Aïdé, Mr. Sargent, and many more. On the Friday was a successful concert, given by Mr. David Bispham, at which Lady de Grey, Mrs. Ronalds, and most of the same guests were present, while Mr. Bispham himself sang a song by Adela Maddison with great effect. On Saturday was the *Melody matinée*, and on Sunday Mrs. Ronalds gave a musical party especially for Fauré, at which, however, he was, at the last moment, unavoidably prevented from appearing; and a gay audience, including Lady Blandford, Lady de Trafford, Lady Galway, Mrs. Arthur Wilson and her daughter, Lord Lathom, and Mr. Hwia Williams, had to be consoled by the singing of Miss Clara Butt, Mrs. Pemberton Hincks, and Mr. Hirwen Jones, and Miss Fay Davis recited. One of the most salient features of M. Fauré is his personal popularity. He has as many friends as a man as he has admirers as a musician, and Mr. John Sargent, who is one of the busiest of men, gladly put aside all other work to make the accompanying sketch especially for the pages of this paper.

In view of the complications which have arisen in the Transvaal and Rhodesia, the assembling of the Cape Colony Volunteers at Cradock for their Easter Camp has this year been watched with great interest. The volunteers numbered some eleven hundred men, infantry and mounted, under the command of Colonel Southeys (Colonel-Commandant of Volunteers), who comes of an old and distinguished Colonial family, his father being Sir Richard Southeys, K.C.M.G., at one time Governor of the Diamond Fields in the troublous days of the early 'seventies. Colonel Southeys is an Imperial officer, but for the past eighteen years has been in Colonial service, having commanded the 2nd Yeomanry Regiment in the Morosi and Basuto campaigns. Lieut.-Colonel Gordon, V.D. (Volunteer Decoration), and Lieut.-Colonel Harris, a director of De Beers, both of whom have seen active service, were in command respectively of No. 1 and No. 2 Battalions, while the Mounted Battalion was under Major Hart, a Catheart farmer, who has also proved his prowess on the battle-field. The Camp arrangements were under Brigade-Major Alec Barnett, an Imperial officer seconded for Colonial service from the Staffordshire Regiment.

The men were kept hard at work during the four days, and proved themselves to be well up to their work. A special word of praise is due to the Kimberley Horse, a hundred and seventy strong. These men were dressed in serviceable kakhi suits, well mounted, and many of them had seen active service. This corps while in camp volunteered *en masse* for service in Rhodesia against the Matabele, and many Colonists doubt the wisdom of those in authority declining their offer. Several of the officers and men have since privately volunteered and left for the front. The conduct of all ranks was most exemplary, not a single case of drunkenness or misconduct being brought to the notice of the military authorities.

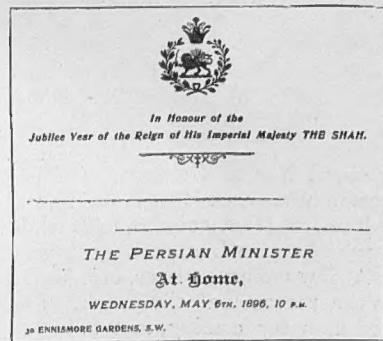


M. FAURÉ.

A Sketch by John S. Sargent, A.R.A.

Lady Radnor, and Mrs. Ronalds.—The festival began with a party given by Signor and Signora Visetti, and among those who came to listen to Fauré's music, and nothing but Fauré's music, were Mrs. Ronalds; Mrs. Maddison, in a pretty flowered silk, with pearls in a rope round her neck, and a diamond dagger in her hair; Mrs. George Batten,

It was a curious coincidence that the Shah, Nasr-ed-Din, should have been assassinated within two or three days from the proposed international celebration of his jubilee. This said function was to have been made the occasion of receptions at all the Persian Ministries of the European Courts. Here is the card, for example, which was sent out by the Persian Minister to the Court of St. James's. The function was, of course, cancelled immediately on receipt of the painful news of the Shah's death.



the little favourite boy of whose adoption a romantic (and probably apocryphal) story is told. The humorist of Printing House Square declared the other morning that "the late Shah had a family of five sons and fifteen daughters *some time ago*." The photograph here reproduced must indeed be of later date.

By the way, a friend of mine, who was one of the proprietors of the Persian Court at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, gave me some rather amusing revelations of the Shah, to whom a sumptuous breakfast was given in the court in question. My friend was, of course, presented to the Shah, and, being an expert in the works of art which the court contained, did the honours of the place, the dusky monarch conversing in fairly good French. One of his first questions was whether "all these things came from Persia?" and, the reply being in the affirmative, his Majesty calmly replied, "You lie!" Then came a little explanation from his genial physician. The Shah took but little interest, apparently, in the ancient art of his country. The *objets d'art* were all undoubtedly of Persian origin; so his Majesty courteously but coolly withdrew his remark, explaining that "he had never seen such things in Persia." It has been stated that the stories told with regard to the want of refinement in the Shah's habits are untrue. Here is my friend's description of the royal method of fruit-eating. With a long-nailed finger he probed a number of fine peaches, selected the one he liked, held it in the hollow of his hand, and ate it as a boy eats an ice off a barrow, spitting skin and stone about the floor as he conversed.

A bunch of magnificent grapes followed, held in bulk above his mouth, seized on one by one with his teeth, and skins and stones were treated in the same way as the peach débris.

As a result of the generous gift of £2500 by the Shahzada in the course of his visit to Liverpool, the lecture-hall of the Liverpool Moslem Institute, 8, Brougham Terrace, has been reconstructed in the Saracenic style of architecture, from the designs of Mr. J. H. McGovem, architect.



THE LECTURE-HALL OF THE LIVERPOOL MOSLEM INSTITUTE.

Photo by J. H. Yates.

It is intended, at no distant period, to erect a Cathedral-Mosque, at an estimated cost of £6000, in close proximity to the Institute. The front portion will be utilised for a khan, for the use of visitors from the Far East when making pilgrimages to worship at the shrine. As Mr. W. H. Abdullah Quillium is the Sheikh-ul-Islam of the British Isles and the founder of the Islamic religion in this country, a tomb will be erected in the terraced courtyard in front of the Mosque and at the rear of the khan, which will be at the disposal of his family. The mosque will have a dome, and a cupola over the mihrab, and minarets from which the Azan, or call to prayers, will be given.



SOME OF THE CHILDREN OF THE LATE SHAH.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. LAST.

"The Star of India," at the Princess's, has had a curious and unexpected career. It has brought a good audience to the stalls and boxes, and has created a demand at the Bond Street box-offices and libraries; but the pit and gallery have not taken kindly to the play, and withdrawal is the inevitable result. "The Span of Life" is named as the successor—a strong but crude melodrama of very sensational type. The other night, at the Princess's, Albert Gilmer introduced me to the author, Sutton Vane, who told me something of this particular drama's drawing powers. It is being played all over the world; there are rights in half-a-dozen countries. Mr. Vane was very modest, and showed that he did not judge the merit of the piece by its success; but from what he said I should imagine that author's fees must yield a surprising amount. There is a fortune in a good sensational drama that is well looked after. Consider "East Lynne," "The Silver King," and "The Colleen Bawn." I doubt if a night passes without witnessing several performances of these stirring pieces in some parts of the world. I suppose "The Sign of the Cross" will be added to the list. And yet there are soulful men who take drama seriously. How the lucky melodramatist must laugh in his sleeve as he pays big cheques into his banking account!

The title of Mr. Vane's play refers to the human bridge formed across a chasm—at the psychological moment, of course—by a trio of acrobats, thereby saving the hero and heroine. These two characters were played on the original production at the Grand, Islington, Whit-Monday, June 6, 1892, by Mr. George Harker and Miss Marion Denvil, Mr. Edward O'Neil, lately seen at the Olympic, being cast as the villain, and the comedy parts being allotted to Mr. Willie Scott and his wife, Miss Dolly Harmer, two clever performers popular in the provinces.

That experienced old performer, Mr. Furneaux Cook, whose last appearance in London was made, I think, during the recent all-too-brief season of the German Reed Entertainment, is now, I am pleased to note, engaged with "The Sign of the Cross" (North) Company. Therein, besides playing effectively the part of Favius, Mr. Furneaux Cook has the direction of the choral work, which is a matter of so much importance in the adequate presentation of Mr. Wilson Barrett's prodigiously successful drama.

All old playgoers will make a point of renewing acquaintance with Miss Jennie Lee's famous impersonation of Jo in the stage version of that name, adapted from "Bleak House" by her husband, Mr. J. P. Burnett, who was the original Bucket. It is twenty years since Miss Jennie Lee's pathetic embodiment of the poor little crossing-sweeper was first seen in London. The present revival at Drury Lane is more than ordinarily interesting from the two facts that Miss Alma Stanley, who is cast as Lady Dedlock, returns to the stage to show people that she is still very much alive, and that recent improvements in Drury Lane have exposed to view from Catherine Street the once desolate "Tom All Alone's."

Miss Gertrude Aylward, a clever young actress who went out to the States with the "His Excellency" company, has, I find, been making herself very popular in San Francisco as Fatima in an extravaganza dealing with the Bluebeard legend.

Sir Henry Irving's interesting address on "The Character of Macbeth," lately delivered before the Contemporary Club at Philadelphia, referred to the Witches, and alluded to "the special gift of invisibility and corporeal transference which these women seem to have had in common with the modern Mahatma of Esoteric Buddhism."

I shall be heartily glad to witness, if it does take place, the talked-of revival of "All for Her," with Mrs. Kendal, her husband, and the latter's brother, Mr. C. W. Garthorne, in leading parts. Herman Merivale and Palgrave Simpson's famous working-out for stage purposes of the Sydney Carton motif from "A Tale of Two Cities" was, it will be remembered, revived at the Court Theatre some years before the death of John Clayton, who then reappeared in his original part of the self-sacrificing Hugh Trevor.

That famous impersonation of his, together with the Lady Marsden of Miss Rose Coghlan (of late years an erratic transatlantic star), and the good work done by Miss Caroline Hill and others in the cast, drew the best part of playgoing London to the Mirror Theatre (otherwise known as the Holborn and the Duke's) in the autumn of 1875 and onwards. I remember being strongly impressed by "All for Her" when I saw it again on the above-noted revival at the Court.

Two Anglicisations of "The New Baby," at the Royalty, have already been presented in America. One version, entitled "Money to Burn," by Charles Kindt, was produced in February, somewhere in Iowa, by a touring company; and a second, made by A. Neuman, and called "His Absent Boy," was performed at the New York Garden Theatre on Easter Monday, the very day on which "The New Baby" received its provincial production at Hastings. The literal translation of "Rabenvater," it should be noted, is "unnatural father," the unfortunate raven (German, *Rabe*) being apparently charged by implication with cruel and heartless conduct.

I am continually forced to admire the fertility of picturesque invention shown by music-hall performers (or their managers) in the choice of professional names. One lady, now appearing in the provinces,

calls herself "The Black Trilby," another "The Empress of Equipoise," a third "Queen of the Alligators and Reptile Conqueror." Again, a pair of comedians and dancers have had the audacity to borrow the name of a famous romance-writer, and are known in the halls as Conan and Doyle.

The scope of Mr. Sachs' "Modern Opera Houses and Theatres" has been materially extended, and a large number of illustrations added beyond those first proposed.

The following story is being told about Yvette Guilbert. On her arrival at New York the interviewers came in crowds. One morning, the representative of a leading paper called to see Mademoiselle, and, while waiting in the ante-room, heard her refuse to see him, and speak very firmly with regard to all journalists. A few moments later, Mr. Marks arrived, and piloted the penitent into the presence of the singer. She received him with kind words, thanked him for coming, and talked to him for some time. As the conversation was drawing to an end, Yvette's maid brought up the card of another journalist. "Say I'm in bed, and can't see anybody," said her mistress. The maid apologised, and said she had told the gentleman that Madame had another journalist with her, and would see him soon. Whereupon, Madame waxed wonderfully cross, and said many things. The first journalist departed, passed his *confrère* on the stairs, and paused for a moment, to hear the reception. He was sure it would be a bad one, for Mademoiselle had shown such interest in him, and had been so sorry to bring the conversation to a close! Judge of his delight when he heard Yvette welcome the new arrival in precisely the same terms as she had used to him.

The other night, at the dinner given by the directors of the Crystal Palace on the opening of their Burmese Village, Mr. Robert Fowle, who brought the Indians over, told me an amusing story. His father brought the first Siamese Embassy to England, and shortly after their arrival there was a Ball at Buckingham Palace. Some wag, whose dignity prevents me from mentioning his name, gave one of the head men to understand that the Queen would be sure to ask one of them to dance with her. Now Siamese and English dancing are more different than chalk and cheese, so this announcement caused great excitement and uneasiness among the visitors. After anxious consideration, they called in an English professor and started dancing-lessons. They were all very old and dignified men, and the effect was ludicrous. Very few people were in the secret, and the foreigners were undoubtedly relieved to find they were not called upon when the great night came round. Unfortunately, the dancing-lessons were set down in the official list of the Embassy's expenses, and the joke has gone against the survivors of the group even to this day.

By the way, at the dinner I have just mentioned, the health of Mr. Henry Gillman, the energetic manager of the Crystal Palace, was proposed by Mr. John Latey, after a brave but unsuccessful attempt on the part of the representative of one of our leading dailies. Mr. Gillman tells me that there will be illuminations every night in the North Tower Gardens, and music by the Band of the Horse Guards, under the direction of Charles Godfrey.

It is long since Scotland Yard has placed anything to its credit as remarkable as the discovery of the Muswell Hill murderers. The entire business, from the clue given by the toy lantern to the arrest in Bristol, reads like a romance, despite the jargonese in which it has been written. One side of the tragedy remains unseen, for nobody can describe the feelings of the prisoners as they travelled from place to place, with the certainty of ultimate detection growing greater day by day, until the gallows must have been before them sleeping and waking. I am reminded of a passage in "Oliver Twist," in which Charles Dickens declares that no murderer escapes, for, though he evade justice, he cannot seek refuge from himself. This case will do considerable good, for the success with which the detectives followed the trail will alarm the hundreds of ne'er-do-wells who would shrink from no crime with a fair chance of escaping detection. And as there is no tragedy without a humorous side, let me relate what occurred to me less than a week ago. I was dining out, and took an alleged literary amateur down to dinner. She began to refer to the play "Widowers' Houses," and assigned the authorship to Ibsen, as though the poor Scandinavian dramatist had not already enough to answer for. Then she continued: "Talking of 'Widowers' Houses' makes me think of the poor old gentleman murdered at Muswell Hill. Haven't the detectives been clever? They remind me of one of Wendell Holmes' detective stories."

Across the Channel they have very properly not forgotten the world-renowned Musketeers (those of the elder Dumas, not of Du Maurier); indeed, an enthusiastic Parisian has been lately proposing the erection of a statue to the memory of that peerless hero of romance, the incomparable D'Artagnan.

Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son in their Whitsuntide programme announce a week in Switzerland for seven guineas; a fortnight's tour, including Interlaken and Grindelwald, for ten guineas; excursions to Berlin and Geneva, giving passengers an opportunity of visiting the exhibitions in these cities; and a week in Holland and Belgium for the very moderate sum of five pounds.

MISS LETTY LIND IN "THE GEISHA," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

Photographs by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

"HE'LL WISH ME A POLITE GOOD-DAY."



"JUST LOOK AT ME; WHAT A PRETTY THING I'VE DONE!"



"I CAN DANCE TO ANY MEASURE THAT IS GAY."



"I'M THE SMARTEST LITTLE GEISHA IN JAPAN."

Mr. Aubrey Beardsley is the subject of caricatures by himself and by Max Beerbohm in the new number of the *Savoy*, and herewith I produce a third burlesque of this wild genius, who has now turned his attention

to letters (as he understands them) as well as to art. The artists in the present issue include Mr. Pennell, Mr. C. H. Shannon, Mr. Sickert, and Mr. Will Rothenstein. Mr. Edmund Gosse himself has been induced to lay a laurel-wreath on the altar of Mr. Symon's idol, Paul Verlaine; Mr. Frederick Wedmore contributes a pathetic sketch, called "The Deterioration of Nancy"; and "a new writer" is responsible for a story, "A Mere Man," which is rather remarkable, like the latest story by the author of "A New Note." An article by Mr. Havelock Ellis on Nietzsche indicates the growing interest in that weird philosopher. The *Savoy*, however, can't be mistaken as very savoury.

Why will not people put their names on the photographs and manuscripts they shower on me? I have, for example, a bundle of Bohemian photographs and a gallery of children crying loudly for an owner.

MR. AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

The non-appearance of Mr. Jones to take a call at "The Rogue's Comedy" is still agitating newspaper correspondents. One of these declares that he objected to the Garrick piece not because it was bad, but because it was not up to Mr. Jones's standard. In fact—

The gallery bully hisses when he fancies that he misses Henry Arthur Jones' top note.

"The whirligig of Time brings in its revenges." The unfortunate people of Gloucester are having a very painful proof of this at present. A hundred and forty-seven years ago, on May 17, 1749, there was born to a Gloucestershire vicar a son who was destined to become one of the world's benefactors—Edward Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination. Having heard, while still a lad, a milkmaid contend that it was impossible that she had small-pox, because she had taken cow-pox while milking a diseased cow; and finding that country folk firmly believed that cow-pox was antagonistic to small-pox, Jenner mentioned it to John Hunter, who, to his eternal credit, was the one London doctor sufficiently open to the reception of new and unorthodox ideas to encourage Jenner to follow up his theory scientifically. What the result was, all the world knows. Yet, when it was proposed to erect a statue to Jenner's memory in Trafalgar Square, there was so much opposition that it evoked an epigram from Shirley Brooks, supposed to be spoken by Jenner's shade in Elysium—

England, ingratitude still blots
The escutcheon of the brave and free:
I saved you many million spots,
And now you grudge one spot to me!

As though to illustrate the axiom that a prophet hath no honour in his own country, Gloucester has for years past refused to take advantage

of Jenner's discovery, and the Nemesis which has overtaken the inhabitants is a bitter lesson to those who have had the audacity to defy both science and experience.

Cardiff is not to be behind the times, so it is revelling in an exhibition which got a good send-off on May-Day by a big banquet to the Fourth

Estate. One of the features of the show is a representation of Santiago, by Drake. There are numerous points of great interest in the exhibition, which will attract many visitors to Cardiff.

I have to congratulate Messrs. Kelly on the May edition of the "Royal Blue Book." It has been printed on specially thin, tough

paper, thereby greatly reducing the bulk of the book as compared with the edition of last May, although it contains about 150 more pages than at that time.

I went to the Dinner of the London Booksellers on Saturday, and a very delightful gathering it was. Mr. George Macmillan was in the chair, and he was surrounded by publishers whose names are household words wherever literature is known—by Mr. Norton Longman, Mr. John Murray, Mr. Heinemann, Mr. James Bowden, Mr. Marston, and Mr. Fisher Unwin. The booksellers were represented by many well-known London names—well known, at least, to those of us who are always prowling round their shops. There, for example, were Mr. E. Bumpus, Mr. Denny, Mr. Humphreys, Mr. Glaisher, and Mr. Waters. Literature was represented by Mr. Augustine Birrell, Dr. Welldon, Professor Michael Foster, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. William Black, and Mr. S. R. Crockett, and Art by Mr. W. Q. Orchardson. Altogether, it was a notable gathering and a very pleasant evening. Dr. Welldon spoke admirably; and so also did Mr. Birrell, who is, indeed, without exception, the finest after-dinner speaker in England. At the first blush one would hardly see where these excellent publishers, booksellers, and authors had any interest in common; but there is a Booksellers' Provident Institution, to which they are all at liberty to subscribe.

I take the following from the May number of the *Author*—

THE "TWENTIETH CENTURY."

The following paragraph is taken from the *Westminster Gazette*—

"In the Queen's Bench Division to-day, before Mr. Justice Grantham, sitting without a jury, Dr. Forbes Winslow sued Mr. Graham, the editor of the *Twentieth Century*, for £48, for two magazine articles supplied in May and June, 1895. The price agreed upon was £2 a page, and the articles ran to twenty-four pages. Defendant was not represented, and judgment was entered for the plaintiff for the amount claimed, with costs."

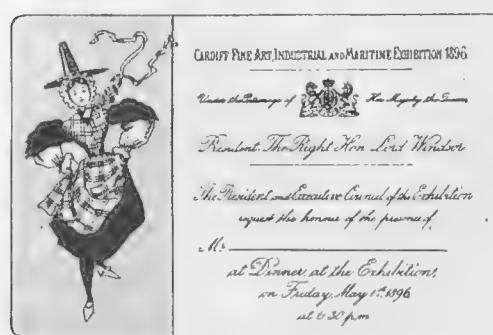
Readers are requested to take a note of this case. The secretary has in his hands claims of the same kind against the same person representing, together, over sixty pounds. He does not take action, for the reason that it would be of no use, as the defendant has disappeared.

I once had a letter from this man Graham, and he called me a "cad" because I did not publish one of his manuscripts. I was hurt at the time, but I am glad now. This same Graham wrote two articles in the *Contemporary Review*, which effectively gulled nine-tenths of the English Press. Literature is not a strong point with our journalists, who could not be expected to know that these supposed conversations with Claire Clairmont were mainly invented from little-known Shelleyana. The imposture was not worth exposing.

Here is an epitaph that has reached me from one of our Colonial dependencies, and I am informed (though I confess I am doubtful as to the truth of the statement) that it is to be seen on the tombstone of a local photographer—

Here in death sleeps the body of Jonathan Brown,
Who spent years taking photographs here in this town.
By the skilful employ of his negative art
A positive pleasure he lived to impart.
He has taken the children, the husband, the wife,
Alas! now he's been taken! yes, "taken from life."

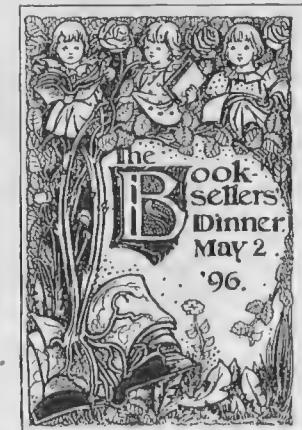
One gets tired of eulogising the marvellous and varied enthusiasms of Mr. Gladstone, but yet we like to keep on reminding ourselves what is possible to a man of eighty-five. I give here a post-card which Mr. Gladstone has written to my friend, William Heinemann, the



Dear Sir, I must not omit to thank you for kindly sending me your recent publica-
tion entitled "Brother and Sister".
I have read the whole of it and have
tried to do justice to it and forward
it to my faithful Vol. I
W. Gladstone
April 96

FACSIMILE OF A POST-CARD BY MR. GLADSTONE.

publisher, in reference to the Renan volume entitled "Brother and Sister." Mr. Gladstone's singular catholicity is rather pleasantly shown by his appreciation of the author of the "Life of Jesus," and of the sister to whom the book was dedicated.



M. Henri Alberti, whose picture of Yvette Guilbert I have been able to reproduce in the current issue, has come to London to paint some portraits. He is staying at Morley's. He is a personal friend of Yvette's.

I cut this gem from the *Athenaeum*—

A fluent tongue, ready pen, nimble and well-stocked brain at the disposal of anyone for any honest and useful work. Advertiser belongs to unemployed rich. B.A., Trin. Coll. Camb., Classical Tripos, Cl. II., Div. I. Strong, sober, industrious. Age 25. Good linguist. Highest references.

With such admirable qualifications, there is no doubt that the advertiser ought to be overwhelmed with applications. Through an unaccountable oversight, he has omitted to mention whether his services will be given gratuitously, but it is reasonable to suppose that he would not wish to increase the burden of wealth of which he already seems so painfully conscious. What a splendid opportunity is here presented to any political or religious organisation desirous of pressing on the world some new and infallible nostrum for all the ills that affect humanity! I should especially recommend this pathetic case of unemployment to the tender and feeling care of Mr. Bernard Shaw and the Social Democratic Federation. Mr. Shaw, indeed, who has lately been openly condoling with millionaires on the melancholy position in which fortune has placed them, is surely bound in honour to come to the rescue of one who is longing to abandon his luxurious ease and join the army of honest toilers. Such men, alas! are rare. Outside the political world, I believe there is a considerable opening for the "fluent tongue, ready pen, nimble and well-stocked brain" in the profession of a commercial traveller. I offer the suggestion as a token of sympathy.

The Lord Chancellor, on the recommendation of Lord Rothschild, Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Bucks, has added the name of Mr. Paul Crémieu-Javal, of Mile Bush Hill, near Leighton Buzzard, to the Commission of the Peace for the County.

May-Day was celebrated as usual by the students of Whitelands College, Chelsea. About a hundred and sixty maidens, in cream-coloured dresses, trimmed with green or pink ribbons, and crowned with garlands of ivy, took part in the proceedings. The students formed a procession round the college grounds, headed by several May Queens of past years, and filed into the large hall of the college, which was profusely decorated with flowers. They there performed various dances, including the May-pole dance, and sang appropriate songs. The Queen for the preceding year afterwards abdicated her throne in favour of Miss Edith Desborough, the Queen for the ensuing year, who was then presented by Miss Kate Greenaway with a gold cross and necklace, the gift of Mr. Ruskin, and with a bouquet by Miss Lily Severn, Mr. Ruskin's niece. And then her May Majesty distributed among her favourite fellow-students some fifty volumes of the works of Mr. Ruskin, who every year makes this gift to the college.

"The Sorcerer" has just been given by the Port Sunlight Amateur Dramatic Society. During the two years' career of the society the members have given one drama, three farces, one operetta, and one comic opera. The society is affiliated to the Port Sunlight Village Council, and one shilling per annum entitles any employee to become a member. The necessary expenses for staging the various works are paid for by the Village Council, which is, as it were, the medium through which Messrs. Lever Brothers dispense their bounty to their employees.



AMATEURS IN "THE SORCERER."
Photo by Robinson and Thompson, Birkenhead.

Here is the cast of "The Sorcerer": Sir Marmaduke Pointdextre, Mr. W. Brotherton; Alexis, Mr. J. G. Mann; Dr. Daly, Mr. G. H. Caldwell; the Notary, Mr. H. Meyer; Lady Sangazure, Miss M. Anderson; Aline, Miss S. Fenner; Mrs. Partlett, Miss A. Shirley; Constance, Miss M. Heath; and John Wellington Wells, Mr. Robert Fish.

If you want the indispensable Swan Fountain Pen, you should visit Messrs. Mabie, Todd, and Bard's new premises at 21, High Street, Kensington.

Messrs. Earles, of Hull, are constructing another twin-screw steamer for the Great Eastern Railway Company's Continental traffic, *via* Harwich and the Hook of Holland. Her dimensions are—length, 302 feet; beam, 38 feet; while her engines are to develop 5000 horse-power, with a speed of 18 knots.



THE MAY-POLE AT WHITELANDS COLLEGE, CHELSEA.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Last week we made a brief reference to the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1896, in which we expressed our opinion that the general level of achievement reached a far higher plane than usual. Renewed examination convinces one of the truth of this opinion. Burlington House does not contain, it is true, a single canvas which will rank this year as a one-picture year, after the fashion of the year when either "The Roll-Call" or "La Carmencita" was exhibited. But there are signs of movement, of intention, and of a determination even to do one's bad work as well as bad work can be done, in every room.

Dividing the artists into convenient groups, let us deal first with the portraits of the year. Mr. Sargent's "Portrait of a Lady" is, without any doubt, the finest portrait of the year, so far as the Academy is concerned. The modelling of the poised chin, the vitality of the figure, the audaciously successful colouring of the red cape, and the beautiful brush-work are beyond praise. Mr. Sargent has done greater portraits, but this portrait assuredly ranks with his best work. On the other hand, it is difficult to understand that the same painter could have turned out the "Mrs. Colin Hunter." It is a good portrait, of course, well painted, and complete; but it is like ten thousand other portraits; it lacks nearly all the best qualities of Mr. Sargent's work, his distinction, and his fairy fascination. M. Constant's portrait of M. de Blowitz is an extraordinary achievement in what may be called looking-glass work. Here, you feel, is the man as the man sees himself in his daily mirror when he brushes his whiskers. But, if you talk of Rembrandt, you begin to forget M. Constant and his almost diabolical cleverness. Orchardson's "David Stewart, Esq.," is another portrait which one remembers on account of its firmness, its virility, and its self-possession; but it is open to the reproach that it has a background at once flat and empty. It was not thus that Sir Joshua painted his backgrounds, massive and spacious. The President's "Marchioness of Tweeddale" is an excellent example of his later work, and Mr. Arthur S. Cope rather cleverly teaches us what a fearsome thing it would be if one were the German Emperor. Mr. Stanhope Forbes is disappointing this year in his portraiture, and Mr. G. F. Watts has dealt plainly and outspokenly with the Marquess of Ripon. But Mr. Watts has grievously erred in forgetting, or refusing, the eye-glass; this by way of frivolity.

Among subject-pictures let us approach the late Lord Leighton's single work, "Clytie." It does not rank in our esteem with "Flaming June," and we venture to think that a little reconsideration—a boon, alas! denied to the artist—would have relieved somewhat the monotony of the browns; but there is a passionate grandeur in the posed figure which is wholly praiseworthy and remarkable. We mentioned last week Mr. Abbey's great historical picture, "Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and, the Lady Anne"; it is certainly a wonderfully fine composition; the procession, arrested on the moment, stands immovable, with the halberds of the soldiers bristling obliquely across the canvas; the figure of the Lady Anne is an extraordinary realisation of a dramatic episode; and if Richard is a trifle theatrical in pose and facial expression, the fault is not sufficiently significant to detract from the effectiveness of the work.

We rejoice to hear that Mr. T. C. Gotch's "Alleluia" has been purchased by the Chantrey trustees. It is now three or four years since Mr. Gotch left the recognised Newlyn manner of painting—the grey window, the dim interior, the pathetic anecdote—and deliberately adopted a mystically flamboyant style with excellent effect. His "Child Enthroned" was a singularly daring and beautiful piece of work; and in his present picture he has, in colour, in thought, and in dignity, made a distinct advance upon his past. There is a divine gentleness in this group of singing children which is remarkably appealing. Mr. Watts sends but one subject-picture, "The Infancy of Jupiter," a strikingly imaginative and beautiful work, in which the child, with his power and future dreaming, as it were, within him, sits among the nursing gods.

As to landscape, let us hasten to mention Mr. George Clausen, Mr. David Murray, Mr. William Stott of Oldham, Mr. Fred Hall, Mr. A. J. Warne-Browne, and Mr. Arnold Priestman. Mr. Stott's "Idlers" has an exquisite passage of pale-blue sea, with lovely, creamy, curling waves turning gently upon the sand. It is true that the idling ladies on the shore somewhat lack solidity, but for that sea let all be forgiven. Mr. Clausen's "Hoeing Wheat" is a wonderfully true and distinguished vision of a fine moment in nature; and Mr. Fred Hall's "The Plough" is among the cleverest of the very clever canvases which this painter has yet exhibited. Mr. Grier, also a Newlyner, sends two large, dark pictures, "Silver Night" and "East Anglia," which have highly poetical passages; but we would suggest to Mr. Grier that he might have reduced the actual area of his canvas by at least one-half, and gained considerably in effectiveness. The expansive, unvarying blue of the sky upon so extensive a scale becomes finally very monotonous to the eye. Mr. George Hitchcock's "Hagar and Ishmael," two pathetic figures wandering through sand and spaces of blue flowers, is extremely well painted; but the general colour-effect is so cold as to make us remember, with regretful contrast, the splendid colour of his tulips of three years ago. Miss Henrietta Rae's "Summer" has all that clever artist's cleverness, and Mr. T. Sidney Cooper's "Early Winter" is in his most characteristic vein. We may leave the water-colours for some separate notice next week, leaving, too, the mention of names of artists whose well-known work in the past, though as good as we have known it before, need not now be included in a general survey of the most striking qualities of this year's Academy. Meanwhile, we may be tempted to inquire, What has become of Mr. Tuke and Mr. Furse?

YVETTE GUILBERT.

SOME FACTS AND AN IMPRESSION.

When Oscar Hammerstein opened his huge combination of theatre, opera-house, and concert-hall in New York last autumn, he engaged Yvette Guilbert as his "star" turn. I saw the contract for her appearance, which set forth eighty thousand francs as the price of one month's performance. A huge sensation was created in America by the terms of the agreement, and astute management kept the boom in a flourishing condition, with the result that the city which had rejected Réjane, and laughed "Madame Sans-Gêne" to scorn, greeted Guilbert with every manifestation of delight. When her month's engagement was concluded, Mr. Ted Marks, one of the shrewdest agents on the face of this pleasant earth of ours, took the *diseuse* for an American tour, with results highly satisfactory to all concerned. Now Yvette has returned to London for a brief season at the Empire Theatre.

The career of this extraordinary woman has been successful all over Europe, excepting Germany, which she has not visited, and Italy, where she was hissed off the stage. Outside Paris, the audiences of Bucharest pleased her most; in America she had to broaden effects and indulge in emphasis in order to be understood at all. Even then she says that her audience would laugh at such songs as "La Pierreuse" and "A la Villette," thereby demonstrating that they were unable to even guess the drift of the meaning of these weird pictures of a type of life that few of her English audiences have seen.

Yvette is a shrewd woman. Now in her thirtieth year, she did not go upon the stage until 1891, having earned her living before as a *mannequin*—one who tries on dresses in shops for purchasers to see the effect of a certain style. Her success was almost instantaneous; to-day she earns an enormous income, and saves most of it. When asked to estimate her own position in the amusement-world of the day, Yvette said, "I represent to young France the spirit of the end of the century." She does not exactly write all her own songs, but designs them, and is sufficiently well trained to get the best musical effects—very necessary in the case of one who speaks rather than sings. Critics, hostile and friendly, have endeavoured to express her artistic place in some terse, apt phrase. She has been called the Zola of the French stage, while her *soularde* and *pierreuse* have been likened to the creations of Baudelaire. Aptly enough, a writer has compared her to one of the women in the decorative paintings of Puvis de Chavannes, and the truth of this comparison must be apparent to all who are familiar with the work of the French painter.

The powers of Yvette Guilbert seem to me to lie entirely in her command over her voice. She is not beautiful, and her costume is weird. Few people understand what she sings about; there is a rumour that she once chanted a simple fable of La Fontaine's to a select company of Englishmen, who professed to be delightfully shocked and horrified with its wickedness. Her voice is her fortune. From her lips the condition of the wretched *soularde* comes into actual existence before us; we see the wretched drunkard turning upon the *gamins* who have pelted her with stones, we feel the horror of the poor creature's existence. She wakes to life the execrable *pierreuse*, and shows up the hypocrisy of the *ingénue*. Then she puts on a cap, sits in a chair, and sings "The Grandmother." It is a song absolutely wicked, absolutely immoral, although Béranger wrote the words. And yet how delightfully Yvette renders them. The constant change of tone, the old woman's senile gloating over the pleasant sins of her youth, who could render these like Yvette Guilbert? She gives such significance to mere words that their value stands out clearly, not to say luridly, with an almost unnatural intensity.

Perhaps I am justified in noting a change during the last two years. To me Yvette is not as she was. There is some apparent reliance upon the personality rather than the art, and a departure from the grim realism of her most effective songs to the utter banality of such ditties as "Linger Longer Loo." Those who understand Mdlle. Guilbert must resent such an innovation, while those who do not understand are quite ready to see and applaud without the nightly dose of broken English. Yvette owes much of her success to originality and daring. In her case conventionality is more than unnecessary, it is positively dangerous.

Of course, Yvette's weird and original personality has always had a great fascination for painters. Long before she became famous she was constantly asked to sit by well-known artists. At the *Vernissage*, or private view of the Salon, M. Henri Alberti's somewhat idealised portrait of *la Diva*, as she appears surrounded by a group of noted *boulevardiers*, created a certain sensation, and gave the Parisians a chance of gazing at four of their favourites, Jacques Redelsperger, poet, dramatist, and wit, boasting of some Irish blood in his veins; Ferdinand Bac, the caricaturist of smart French society; Ricard, who represents an older generation of men of letters; and De Robert, whose psychological study, "Un Tendre," won him cordial commendation from Zola, and placed him among the most prominent group of *les jeunes* who reign in Paris.

Few of the actresses now belonging to the Comédie Française betray a keener interest in what is being accomplished in the way of ancient literature and art than does Yvette Guilbert, and it would not surprise any of those who see her more intimate side to find her later become the centre and *raison d'être* of a Parisian salon where every woman, save the hostess herself, would be beautiful, and where every man would be clever.

YVETTE GUILBERT.



IN HER DRESSING-ROOM AT THE THEATRE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY M. H. ALBERTI, NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THE PARIS SALON.



IN HER DRAWING-ROOM.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TIROU, PARIS.

THE BERNINGERS AS ROMEO AND JULIET.

One of the most interesting matinées announced is that which takes place to-morrow afternoon at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, when "Romeo and Juliet" will be produced for the benefit of the Actors' Orphanage Fund, with Miss Esmé Beringer and her sister Véra in the respective rôles of Romeo and Juliet. Half a century ago the Sisters



MISS ESMÉ BERINGER IN "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MISS BROWN."
Photo by Hana, Strand.

Cushman undertook the same task, while the other year, Mr. Leonard Outram—whose wife, by the way, will be Lady Capulet to-morrow—gave us "As You Like It" with nothing but ladies in the cast, at the very theatre where the Misses Beringer propose to appear.

As everybody knows, they are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Beringer. Their mother has done a good deal of theatrical work, the best-known being her adaptation of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Her latest novel, "The New Virtue," noticed elsewhere at length in the present issue, might also have been seen on the stage but for the Censor.

Miss Esmé Beringer is fast becoming a popular personality on the London stage. She is one of the few of our younger actresses who make a distinct and visible advance in their profession from play to play, for she is, in the best sense of the word, ambitious, and intends to win success. As so frequently happens, Miss Beringer owed her first introduction to the stage to a trivial circumstance. Her younger sister, Véra, was scoring a great success as Little Lord Fauntleroy, when an indisposition obliged her to relinquish the part. Miss Esmé took over the rôle at a moment's notice, and acquitted herself so creditably that, when the play was taken on tour, she frequently had occasion to replace her sister. This was in 1888, and two years later the Romeo of next week took part in her mother's production of "Prince and Pauper" at the Gaiety Theatre. But Mrs. Oscar Beringer wisely decided that both her young daughters should resume their interrupted studies, and so Miss Beringer's real débüt cannot be said to have taken place till the spring of 1893, when she "walked on" as one of the charming bevy of maidens who graced the production of "Hypatia." Not content with this regular engagement, she endeavoured to improve her practical knowledge of the art to which she had now become devoted by taking part in a number of matinée performances given in aid of various charities, and her acting in Mrs. Hugh Bell's duologue "Between the Posts," produced at the Comedy Theatre, was a very finished bit of work. In the same year Miss Beringer formed part of Miss Janet Achurch's Company, and proved her versatility by appearing (at Terry's Theatre) in "Foreign Policy," a short piece by Dr. Conan Doyle; "Bud and Blossom," by Lady Colin Campbell; and "The Three Wayfarers," by Mr. Thomas Hardy. Some months later, in the February of 1894, she found herself once more at Terry's, playing with Mr. Weedon Grossmith as the lively parlourmaid Susan in "The New Boy." During the long run of that successful play Miss Beringer was in the cast of all three *levres de rideaux*—"The Gentleman Whip," "Loyal," and "Hal the Highwayman." As a sentimental society damsel she also

scored a distinct success in "The Ladies' Idol," and her admirable acting in "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown" gave prominence to the otherwise unimportant part of a Creole school-girl.

Miss Beringer has also proved herself to be able to cope with the exigencies of serious comedy. Her Justina in "The Benefit of the Doubt" was an excellent and finished rendering of a far from easy rôle. She made her audience realise the mixture of vulgarity and kindness of the character she was personating with remarkable directness, and also showed her capacity for indicating subtle forms of emotion. Miss Esmé Beringer is at present engaged in contributing to the success of "A Mother of Thrice," where she is the eldest of the triplets.

Miss Véra Beringer is not a novice on the stage, though for the last five or six years she has been in the retirement of the school-room. But before settling to work at Queen's College, she played the part of Little Lord Fauntleroy no less than six hundred times, and a vision of quaint Master Cddie, in a velvet suit, with flowing auburn hair, must still be fresh in the minds of London playgoers. As a child-actress she achieved a great success; she appeared in the double parts of her mother's play, "Prince and Pauper," in "Tares" as Jack, and at a single matinée sustained the rôle of a little girl in another of Mrs. Beringer's productions.

"It was quite different to play as a child," Miss Véra told a *Sketch* representative, who asked her for a few details of her career; "then I did not know what it was to feel nervous or conscious, and I enjoyed acting so immensely, it was dreadful being exiled again to the schoolroom, though, I suppose, it was all for the best. I had a lovely time as Little Lord Fauntleroy, and used to get flowers and other things sent to me; this table has all my Fauntleroy relics," and, crossing the room, she drew my attention to a diminutive table, on which stood the little riding-whip, the blotting-case, inkstand, and other small properties belonging to Cddie, while the small pair of crutches, tied with broad yellow satin ribbons, stood near. "That tiny case, in the shape of a bootblack's box," explained Miss Véra, "was sent me when I came back from one of the 'Fauntleroy' tours, and was crammed full of Press notices—someone had taken the trouble to collect them all for me; and that bell," pointing to a little gong, "was used by my stage grandfather, and, in revenge for his occasional attempts to make me laugh, I used to hide it under his hat, so that when he wanted to ring it, it was not to be found."

It is only a few months since this very charming and unaffected young girl was promoted to long frocks. She almost immediately got a place



MISS VERA BERINGER AS JULIET.
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

at the Lyceum as one of the young ladies who danced the pavane in "Romeo and Juliet," while she was second understudy to Mrs. Campbell.

"Juliet is such an exquisite part, one cannot fail to enjoy it," said Miss Véra; and, indeed, her appearance fits her singularly for the rôle of the passionate Italian maiden: with her slender, graceful figure, dreamy brown eyes, delicate colouring, and real Venetian bronze hair, she should certainly make an ideal Juliet.



A DANCER IN THE PAVANE IN "ROMEO AND JULIET."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"THE NEW VIRTUE."*

Mrs. Oscar Beringer has succeeded in inventing, for the latest of the "Pioneer Series," a title which greatly intrigues one, to use the word in the useful, untranslatable way of the French. A new vice one can almost expect, though, to be nicely accurate, new crimes rather than new vices are conceivable, for human nature seems to have touched the lowest depths of wickedness long ere our days, and our worst malefactors are mere plagiarists. It is pleasant to think that new virtues are almost as inconceivable as new vices, and that our own ancestors appear to have touched all the possible virtues. What, then, is "The New Virtue" expounded by the talented lady who has given charming plays to our stage, and also charming players? Really, a careful study of her interesting, audacious novel leaves one still in doubt. That the title is a mere catchpenny device, I do not believe; but in neither of the curious, daring love-stories which she has woven together can I find the new virtue, though I do discover novel themes, and also old themes handled in a new way. Perhaps the best thing is to give an account of the book, and let the reader do the guessing.

There are two heroines—Margaret and Serena. The former is the daughter of the latter, unrecognised and unrecognisable, since she was the outcome of a never-discovered revolt of Serena's against the horror of a loveless marriage. Margaret, when hardly more than a child, has a fearful misfortune: she, like many a woman, and not a few men, is utterly unnerved by a thunder-storm, and a young sweetheart takes the wickedest advantage of her helplessness during a tremendous storm, and is swiftly punished by Jove with a thunder-bolt. The girl, innocent and ignorant as Eve before she made the acquaintance of the snake, puts no meaning upon her dim recollection of what passed in the summer-house during the brain-bewildering storm. Margaret goes to live with Serena, Lady Arbuthnot, who poses merely as guardian, and the girl tells nothing of her misunderstood adventure. Serena has a sort of admirer in a Mr. Henry Bethune, a man of whom this is said: "In spite of a stormy youth, spent in many climes, and an extended experience of the sex, Henry Bethune had retained a very beautiful belief in woman's purity. It was his fad. In fact, he used to bore Serena a little with his rhapsodies about the untroubled whiteness of a pure female soul." Perhaps Serena also felt that a widow was not quite the person to whom such rhapsodies should be uttered.

As soon as he sees Margaret, Bethune switches off from Serena, and adores her *pour le bon motif*.

"In Margaret, Bethune had found his Holy Grail. It had loomed softly brilliant before his eyes in the doorway on the evening of her arrival. After a lifetime of weary pilgrimage, he had chanced upon it unsought, unprepared. In this god-daughter of Serena's he found the pure maid for whom his soul hungered. At her unsullied feet he laid the homage of his chivalrous soul." Bethune, who already had said to Serena, "If I were so fortunate as to meet a beautiful white soul upon whose purity no shadow has fallen, I might find my happiness in sheltering it from the world."

Bethune, a disappointed diplomatist, is a "good match"; the girl takes a fancy to him, so Serena favours his suit, and a marriage is quickly arranged and carried out. One may leave the young couple alone, and turn to the mother. Serena had as admirer a successful doctor named Dick Cunningham, who is aware of the secret of Margaret's birth, yet would marry the mother. Incidentally, I may suggest that the man willing to wed a widow—to take the fruit plucked by another—is logical enough in making no difficulty about Margaret, assuming that the circumstances of her birth were not evidence of depravity of character. Friendship, however, is all that Serena gives to Dick; she has the misfortune to meet a man named Lawrence, a man of genius, with "a physical beauty which refused to be denied by the blunders of a cheap tailor." The two indulge in perilous conversations,

which quickly come to serious flirtation. The woman promptly perceives that in the moral views of the advanced genius there is danger, but she has suffered bitterly enough from conventional views, and finds a fearful pleasure in listening to his remarks concerning the "indecency and horror of marriage."

This sort of thing is very dangerous, and the upshot is a visit to the man's rooms when he is recovering from illness. Luckily for Serena, Lawrence "plays fair"—informs her that she is but second string, that there is another whom he worships hopelessly. Yet he says: "I desire you—you love me. Trust yourself to me." He refuses to lie, to say that he loves her, and, though her passion for him almost causes her to yield to his strange pleading, she escapes before he can act on his view. "You are mine by every right which gives woman to man. You shall not leave me. I—I will—" Whether Lawrence's views, really summed up in his phrase, "You know that the holding of one woman does not blind us to the desirableness of another," have anything to do with "the new virtue," I can hardly say. I fancy

that Margaret's story holds the clue. Turning to "The Holy Grail"—and the middle-aged Parsifal, to whom the translation "guileless fool" seems nicely exact—one can sum up the situation in a single phrase of Bethune: "I have been married less than a month, and a child will be born to my wife before a few weeks pass." How this part of the story is cleared up, how Bethune comes to re-worship his Grail, despite the little rift, I will not say—it would be unfair to the talented authoress to give a bald account of the ingenious dénouement.

It is said that the Censor declines to sanction a copyright performance of a play founded on the book; but this need hardly scare, for the difference between reading and seeing on the stage must be taken into account. Moreover, an official who has passed the end of the first act of the London version of "The Manxman," and boggles at the misfortune of Margaret—which reminds me of a strange seduction-scene in Richter's rarely read "Titan"—is out of Court. I do not mean to hint that Mrs. Beringer has borrowed from Jean Paul—obviously she has not. It is difficult for a mere man to judge such a book. It is written rather for women than men, and in a style of passionate rhetoric not altogether to the taste of a critic who admires an austere style. The ability is undeniable, the audacity unquestionable, and the book will be equally interesting to those who accept the views that seem to be propounded and those who reject them. Some will be shocked, and still more will

pretend to be, while the present reaction in the literary world may cause a display of hostility. It is indeed unfortunate for the novelist that her work did not appear two years ago. Nevertheless, success is probable, and not a mere *succès de scandale*.

MR. JUSTICE CHARLES.

The Bar has heard with great pleasure that the amendment in the health of Sir Arthur Charles will permit him still to retain his seat on the Bench, of which he is one of the most valuable, if not most striking, members. His lordship is a comparatively young man, for he was born in 1839. He graduated at the London University, which, in 1880, he contested as Conservative candidate. At the age of twenty-three he was called at the Inner Temple, and he joined the Western Circuit, of which he became the leader. Sir Arthur, a man of great scholarly taste, took a keen interest in that curious by-path of law—the Ecclesiastical Courts, and was a member of the 1881 Commission. In September 1887 he was raised to the Bench, and has earned a reputation by his leniency as a criminal judge, by his courtesy to the Bar, and by his exhibition of common-sense combined with a great knowledge of law. His lordship is the brother-in-law of the authoress of the immensely popular "Schomberg Cotta Family."



MRS. BERINGER.
Photo by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.



MR. JUSTICE CHARLES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITLOCK, BIRMINGHAM.

HORS D'OEUVRES.

The British public has had fresh proof that something new may ever be expected from Africa. The two sets of telegrams last published are interesting and even amusing reading, though the amusement for English readers lies chiefly in the short and sharp correspondence between the people at Pretoria and the British High Commissioner, who has shown the Boers, and yet more the German-Hollander gang, that exploits both Boers and Uitlanders, that even an Imperial official will turn. The complaints of Dr. Leyds were in the best German official manner. No otherwise did Frederick the Great, the political though not natural ancestor of the present Kaiser, prelude the invasion of Silesia or the partition of Poland. Apparently the Doctor has been sitting at the jackboots of his Gamaliel with assiduity, and has been deriving more advantage from his stay at Berlin than that famous "operation on his throat" which, the ribald said, was rendered necessary by the patient having attempted, in a moment of carelessness, to swallow one of his own statements.

If Dr. Leyds were at the head of Transvaal affairs, we should know what to expect. The menacing presence of six thousand mythical British soldiers on the frontier, together with even more mythical hordes of Hottentots and Kaffirs, would be taken as a pretext for an incursion of Boers into all desired portions of the neighbouring lands. The complaints made have a family likeness to those which the wolf made of the lamb; and it would be easy to answer the refutation of the absurd Boer stories by pointing out that the Chartered Company had made a raid, and, therefore, the British Government must suffer for it. However, President Krüger is not quite a Prussian yet, and probably has no great anger at the little rap—would it could have been heavier!—so neatly administered by the High Commissioner to the meddling doctor and the "British Agent" of Dutch name and Dutcher sympathies.

The other telegrams, however, are more serious. If uncontradicted by evidence, they prove that the Jameson raid was not merely, as many thought, connived at, but actively promoted by those high in office in the Chartered Company. And, while the fact of this conspiracy will make us give up belief in Mr. Rhodes's morality, its slovenly organisation, and the absolute fiasco in which it ended, are enough to shake very seriously our conception of him as a "strong man." Strong men do not fail abjectly; if their plans break down, they do not resign in such a hurry. Mr. Rhodes has been in some ways not unlike his friend Parnell; is he destined to as sudden and irrecoverable a fall? If he really organised, or rather, disorganised, the raid on the Transvaal—if he tamely resigns directorship as well as Premiership, and makes no defence, then only a tragic fate like Parnell's could give him a sort of posthumous rehabilitation. Meanwhile, however, it is too soon to assume that there is no defence. We can wait till the Matabele submit or withdraw; and it would be well if our High Commissioner were able to reply to any future complaints of Dr. Leyds, not by pointing out that the British troops available were a mere handful, but by blandly acknowledging that not six but sixteen thousand men were within reach of the Transvaal frontier.

It is, doubtless, the case that the wildest rumours are afloat among the ignorant and suspicious Boers. Very likely some of the frontier farmers have fears of being raided anew by a wild and motley force of redcoats and black-skins, assisted by their own oppressed Kaffirs. A few hundred troops, with natives for transport, halting on the way to Bulawayo, have become an army bent on crossing the frontier; and a harmless phrase in a contract for transport—even if the contract was ever made, which seems doubtful—is twisted into a settled design of invasion. This is easily to be understood. The bucolic mind, shrewd and suspicious within its own narrow circle, is insanely distrustful and wildly credulous as to matters across the boundary. But the authorities at Pretoria must know perfectly well what British troops are in Africa, and where they are; they have excellent information from friends or dependents in England; they know that there are not six thousand British troops in all South Africa. Therefore, in making their complaints they were adopting wild rumours which they must have known not to be true. People who do this are playing a game of some sort; the question is, What is their game? Is it a mere excuse for refusing reform, or is it the prelude to fresh aggression?

In this connection something may be gleaned from the interview with Mr. Krüger, reported recently in the columns of a lively contemporary. The President's manners may be described as rather Frank than Harristerical; but it is his modest demands that will interest the British reader. He wants but little here below; merely Swaziland and an outlet to the sea, and the abrogation of British control over his foreign relations—which would not, of course, be followed by the complete ousting of British trade and capital and the concession of everything conceivable to Germans and Hollanders.

An Englishman of average intelligence would be inclined to say—Let a rigorous inquiry be held into the charges against the Chartered Company; if they be proved, let the Crown withdraw the charter, compensating innocent shareholders, and make Charterland a British colony under a military governor with an adequate force. Let twenty thousand men be permanently stationed at or about the Cape, and the Uitlander difficulty will settle itself.

MARMITON.

YET ANOTHER MARY-JANE.

When "The Star of India" shall have set, and the villainies of Aleem Khan, with his miraculous poisoned dagger, shall have faded into the dreary deserts of dead drama, the play with which Mr. Gilmer began management at the Princess's will be remembered for the amusing character-study of Oriana, the slavey, and the remarkable representation of the part by Miss Sydney Fairbrother. Curiously enough, on the very night of the first production of "The Star of India," Miss Freeear made her great hit as Ruth at the Duke of York's Theatre; but in this case credit was due, perhaps, rather to the actress than to the author. On the other hand, Mr. G. R. Sims has studied the British slavey as no one else has done. One says "slavey" with a due appreciation of the dull, laborious life which the servant connected with a particular lower middle-class social stratum is compelled to lead. Sometimes it crushes the life out of her; occasionally the girl, as in "Mary Jane's Memoirs," or even in Mr. Zangwill's pathetic story, "Merely Mary Ann," develops a curious philosophy of her own. Now Oriana of the Kitchen Range is just such an unconscious humorist, and Mr. Sims has been fortunate in finding her interpreter in Miss Fairbrother, who happens to be, by heredity and by long stage-experience, one of the most finished character-actresses of the day.

Were it not for the refined intonation of her voice, it would be difficult to believe (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) that the quaint little figure, attired in a blue cotton gown and fly-away cap, is not indeed what she purports to be—a perfect example of the genus slavey.

"Yes, I consider that I have been exceptionally fortunate in my early training and associations," she observed thoughtfully. "All my people, from time immemorial, have been in the profession. My grandfather, Sam Cowell, was in his day a noted comic singer, and my mother is very well known as Miss Florence Cowell; while my father, Mr. A. B. Tapping, has been connected with the stage all his life."

"Then you cannot remember a time when you did not act?"

"I never entered the ranks of those who are styled 'child-actresses,' but, even as a tiny dot, I frequently played with my mother. I cannot have been more than four years old when I acted the part of little Leah in 'Leah the Forsaken.' I also acted the child in 'The Stranger,' and I was one of the innumerable Willie Carlyles in 'East Lynne.' As my parents had no wish to turn me into a prodigy, I was sent to school when I was nine years old, and there I remained till I was sixteen, when, to my great joy, I was allowed to join Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's American tour—a most valuable experience for any novice. I played utility parts, and did whatever I was told. On one occasion I had to take a rôle at an hour's notice, and, though I was frightfully nervous, I got through the ordeal in a fashion that pleased Mrs. Kendal, for she sent for me the next day, and gave me a splendid lesson. On my return home, I accompanied my father and mother on their provincial tour, and I was given every kind of part, excepting, oddly enough, low comedy."

"When did you make your London début?"

"I was understudy to Miss Maude Millett in 'The Ideal Husband,' at the Haymarket, and I played her part (of Mabel Chiltern) a good many times. Then I went back to the provinces with 'The Home Secretary.'

"I need hardly ask you if you enjoy your present part?"

"Well," she said, with a smile, "Oriana is, to use one of our terms, though a slight, a very 'fat' part. Every line raises a laugh. Mr. Sims, when giving me the rôle, told me that he thought I could look the character to perfection, and so I set myself to try and do so. I got hold of a really genuine slavey, and bought the outfit in which you now see me complete from her for the sum of half-a-crown. As for my cap, I bought it down the Seven Dials for a penny-three-farthings!"

"You attach a great deal of importance to costume and make-up?"

"Undoubtedly," was the answer, "and not only because of the audience. I am firmly convinced that the costume reacts on the actress. Of course, this is specially the case when one is playing what should be a well-dressed part. If personating a fine lady, it is clearly absurd to appear in ill-made and ill-cut costumes; for, even if the actress is unconscious of the fact, the feminine half of her audience will be keenly alive to the incongruity, and it will require very extraordinary acting to create the necessary 'atmosphere' round the character. When I asked the original owner of these clothes," and Miss Fairbrother indicated significantly her tight, cuffless sleeve, "to sell me one of her working-dresses, she brought me a smart, new, clean frock, and was quite grieved when I told her very decidedly that I wanted something quite different—oh, yes, it is far easier to act well if you feel that you look your part."

"You are, doubtless, a quick study?"

"Yes, and, unlike most people, I enjoy learning new parts—a pleasure too often denied to us in these days of long runs. Still, I cannot complain, for, although I have been on the stage only some six years, I shall soon have played fifty parts. When I was touring with my parents, I belonged, to all intents and purposes, to a stock company, and so had many opportunities of passing on from one style of work to another."

"I suppose you are a mistress of the art of gag?"

"No," was the unexpected reply; "I can invent any amount of 'business' for myself, and, if I think out a gag beforehand, I can, of course, deliver it quite well. But I cannot originate remarks when on the stage. Indeed, I cannot even play up to another person's gag, and, curiously enough, my mother suffers from the same inability."

"And what will be your next rôle, Miss Fairbrother?"

"Also that of a slavey, in 'The Span of Life,' which will shortly be produced at the Princess's; but then I shall be made up as a pretty slavey, rather a change from the plain Oriana."



MISS FAIRBROTHER IN REAL LIFE.

Photo by Hana, Strand.

MISS FAIRBROTHER ON THE STAGE AS ORIANA.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

ORIANA AND PRIVATE HOPKINS (MR. J. T. MACMILLAN).

Photographs by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

If the new "Badminton" volume on "Billiards," by Major W. Broadfoot, R.E. (Longmans, Green, and Co.), were not one of the ever-excellent "Badminton Series," the publication in April would seem inopportune. But the "Badminton" books come to stay, and the date of their first appearance is, therefore, interesting only so far as it concerns a future generation of bibliophiles. The Duke of Beaufort and Mr. Alfred Watson are to be congratulated on their choice of an author for so important a subject as billiards. Major W. Broadfoot is an amateur of ripe experience, possessing, as few amateurs do, a scientific knowledge of the game. For the matter of that, many a professional would be hopelessly at a loss to set out his secrets so clearly as the author of this volume has done. And he has been well backed up by the various experts who have assisted him with occasional chapters. Mr. Herbert Spencer once said—when a boy beat him by fifty in a game of one hundred—that a fine knowledge of billiards was the sure result of an ill-spent youth. Major Broadfoot rightly holds no such view, for your great billiard-player is the victim of science rather than of prolonged labour. Even a duffer who studies "Badminton" one hour every day for a month should improve his game twenty in a hundred. The volume is admirably illustrated, we may note, the artist being careful to remember that a pretty girl is the best ornament of a billiard-room. His pictures entitled "Preliminaries" and "A Disputed Score" are especially happy.

"Cycling: The 'Oval' Series," by F. T. Bidlake (Routledge), is an excellent little book, for it tells the novice precisely what he wants to know. For instance, Mr. Bidlake informs the beginner that he must turn to whichever side he seems about to fall, and that he should learn to ride on the flat. Instead of mounting by the step—

Throw the right leg over the back wheel, and let the foot be on the pedal while you stand with the other on the ground, yourself half-sitting on the saddle. . . . Now press with the right foot firmly, and then start the machine, and be ready with the left foot as it leaves the ground to find the left pedal as it comes over its top position for the first time.

This plan is the neatest and best, and it involves less strain upon the machine. Every cyclist should be able to mount and dismount on either side. He gives sensible advice on the subject of "ankling." The beginner, however, may find it difficult to "improvise a brake with the sole of his shoe"—a practice strongly advocated by the author. When the rider, seated in the saddle, is able with his heel to touch the pedal when at its lowest point, the height and position of the saddle are correct. The handle-bar should be raised until the grips are about an inch and a half or two inches above the level of the saddle. Then he clearly explains the best and quickest way to learn to ride without touching the handles. A simple way of ascertaining the gearing of a bicycle is to "count the teeth of the front chain-wheel, divide that number by the number of teeth in the back chain-wheel, and multiply the result by the number of inches in the diameter of the back wheel." He adds that half the cyclists of the day are over-gear'd. "A decent ankler can pedal at well over twenty miles an hour pace on a sixty gear," he tells us. "Water should never be applied to a bicycle—never . . . all cleaning should be done by a rag and paraffin oil." Lastly, he advises the contemplating purchaser to buy a good machine, to avoid fads, to use a "Carter" gear-case, and to be sparing in his use of the bell. For the beginner it is a most useful book.

Has Mr. Blackmore, outside some passages in "Lorna Doone," ever written anything so good as his "Tales from the Telling-House?" He has invented better stories, of course. The stories here are thin enough. Perhaps we are never intensely interested in any of them save the fishing yarn, "Crocker's Hole." It is mainly a literary delight we get out of them, mingled with another delight in the manifestation of individuality, not that of the actors in the dramas, but of Mr. Blackmore himself. His attitude to life is so good-naturedly whimsical; there is such a gentle want of seriousness in his outlook on the drama of life, and so much humorous tenderness for fools, that the

impression is one of refreshing originality. So far as the main narrative goes, his style is old-fashioned and ceremonious, and when the bantering narrator shows his own smile, and lets his own comment be heard, the effort is all the more piquant. But it is in something else the highest merits of the stories consist. All of them, the wild Doone story, the old-time legend of "The Lover's Leap," the rather incoherent tale of the murder of George Bowring, and the fishing yarn give opportunity for descriptions of nature which might largely have been taken advantage of, and only given us a sense of dulness, Mr. Blackmore's nature pictures are here so exquisite that they must raise him to the level of the finest writers of English of our time. It is to this volume, which has no very vivid human interest in it, that we must go for his literary work at its finest.

Mr. Hichens' tragic tale of "The Folly of Eustace" (Heinemann) does an excellent service by pointing straight to the cause of three-fourths of the morbid fiction of the day. Eustace, as a boy, discovers the mediocre quality of his brains, and, being determined to win distinction from the crowd, falls back on eccentricity. As he is not

naturally inventive, the work this entails is enormous. He is whimsical "wi' deeficulty," but, with a perseverance worthy of a better cause, as the moralists used to say, he keeps up his assumed character to all the world, not excluding his wife, while, all the time, he is longing to go to the City every day with a good umbrella, to be elected churchwarden, and to fall asleep in comfortable stupidity after dinner. His wife makes a half-discovery of the truth, and elopes with somebody else—as a natural consequence, we are given to understand—and black desolation is the end of Eustace's long, weary hold of the citadel of notoriety. But, somehow, the story has not the effect of an awful warning at all. At Eton, you feel sure, Eustace would have been kicked and cured; in any conceivable family circle his life would have been made a burden; while the obtusest wife on the face of the earth would have found him out in two days, and, by ill-natured or good-natured means, effectually released the domestic man and good citizen in him. A little wholesome laughter prevents such futile tragedies in real life, and, if it could make itself heard in the workshops of the darker fiction of to-day, a good many pens would stop.

Mr. Marion Crawford, in "Adam Johnstone's Son" (Macmillan and Co.), has devised an original plot and drawn attractive characters, but has failed to make plot and characters cohere. A lady procures a divorce from her husband on the sole ground of his infidelity with an actress (surely not by law as yet an adequate legal ground), marries again, and has a daughter by the second marriage. The divorced husband

also re-marries, and has a son by this second wife. The children of the divorcees meet at Amalfi, and fall in love without knowing that the father of the one and the mother of the other had been husband and wife. The girl's mother, however, knowing the hero to be her divorced husband's son, fears above all things a mutual attachment between him and her daughter, and yet makes it inevitable by leaving the young people for ever together. The sole reason given for this incredible folly is the lady's fear lest her quitting Amalfi should be interpreted by her divorced husband to mean dread of facing him. But this improbability is slight compared with her daughter's encouragement of the hero after what to her was conclusive evidence of his dastardly betrayal of another woman. To be sure, it makes her hate him—but not to the point of forswearing an hour of his everlasting companionship. "Because I like you very much," he said. "I'm sorry," she answered, "for I don't like you." "Are you in earnest?" "Yes"—there was no mistaking her tone." Hereupon he naturally offers to relieve her of his society, but she will not hear of it. "But how in the world can you enjoy walking and talking with a man you don't like?" "Well, you are awfully good company, you know, and I can't always be sitting with my mother on the terrace." A very slight sense of humour in the author would have spared us this preposterous scene—of another kind of humour, however, from that which makes gross fun of the fleshiness of the hero's mother. With all its faults, "Adam Johnstone's Son" is interesting.



PRELIMINARIES.

From the new "Badminton"—"Billiards."

THE ART OF THE DAY.



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PASSION-FLOWERS.—N. PRESCOTT DAVIES.

EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

ART NOTES.

We cannot this week do more than allot a mere mention to the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, whose exhibition is now open to the public. Sir John Gilbert, the President, contributes a really remarkable work, "The Lost Route," in which the forest landscape is admirably suggested by a grand sentiment of intricate design. Mr. George Clausen's "The Tired Mower," which undoubtedly would not have been drawn if Millet had never lived, still possesses qualities noble enough to justify



INTERIOR OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.—WILLIAM SIMPSON.
Exhibited at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.

our statement that it is full of original merit. Mr. Henry Wallis and Mr. Carl Haag, in Oriental subjects, are, each in his way, admirably true and suggestive. Mr. R. W. Macbeth, in a large river-scene, is really excellent in his atmospheric effect; Mr. Hubert Herkomer disappoints one considerably in "The Rift in the Clouds"; and, for the rest, good work is sent by Mr. E. Goodall, Mr. Lionel Smythe, Mr. Thorne Waite, and Mr. Matthew Hale.

Mr. William Simpson is on familiar ground with his pictures of the East. The Old Masters, when they painted a picture of the Resurrection, merely imagined a Holy Sepulchre out of their inner consciousness. The character of Jewish tombs was quite unknown to them. We now know that the older Jewish tombs had the opening to them of a form exactly like the door of a dog's-house—that is, it was circular at the top. In archaeology these tombs are now known by the word *kok*; in the plural *kokim*. About the Roman period this form ceased to be followed, and a square-lintel form was adopted. Visitors to the Holy Sepulchre are shown the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, which is on the west of the Holy Sepulchre. It is a *kok* tomb, and, of course, old. The picture of the Sepulchre is taken looking to the low, narrow entrance, and it is also of the *kok*, or *kokim*, form. The assumption is that when the Sepulchre was encased in marble, those doing the work simply retained the form of the original entrance; and we have thus a strong evidence of its antiquity. Although it establishes this much, it does not quite prove the knotty point of the authenticity of the Sepulchre, regarding which there are various opinions at the present day. In the small, dark ante-chamber of the Sepulchre there is what looks like a square vase—it is visible in the picture; this is said to contain a fragment of the stone that closed the tomb. The small, cell-like chamber which forms the Sepulchre is in length only a little longer than a human body; this, as all artists know, renders it very difficult to make such a limited space into an effective picture.

As the Jews are not permitted by the Mohammedans to enter the Haram, or sacred enclosure, where the Temple stood, they congregate on Fridays at a spot where they can touch the stone wall of the Haram. This is on the western side, in what is supposed by some archaeologists to be the Tyropœon, or the "Cheesemonger's Valley," which separates the Temple Mount from the high ground on which the city stands. It is a pathetic sight to see the descendants of so ancient a race still wailing—for the past glory of their old Temple, from which they have been expelled for so many centuries. The weather-worn stones of beautiful masonry strike the eye of every visitor; and yet but few are aware that the wall at that spot descends for

about sixty feet below the present level—there is, as a matter of fact, more of it below ground than what is above—all of it being formed of masonry of the same kind. The wall towards the top is more modern, and of smaller blocks; of course, it will be understood that these are the repairs of a late period. We are indebted for this knowledge to the labours of the Palestine Exploration Fund, and more particularly to two of their explorers, General Sir Charles Wilson and General Sir Charles Warren, who, when he was "Captain Warren," made a number of most important discoveries. The explorers and archæologists of Jerusalem are not quite agreed as to whether the wall at the Jews' Wailing-Place is as old as the time of Solomon, or if it only dates from Herod; but, if we accept either case, these crumbling stones have a very respectable antiquity. Few of the descendants of Abraham who wail there—indeed, we may suppose none of them—know they are standing at that spot on sixty feet of débris formed by the repeated destructions, which history records, of their Holy City.

Messrs. Penrose and Co., of Upper Baker Street, have just published their "Process Year-Book for 1896." The book is a marvel of ingenuity, resource, and learning. Every method of reproduction now in common use, as the three-colour process, the bitumen process, zinco-chromatic methods, engraved half-tones, carbon transparencies, photo-aquatint, and half-tone process-work—these and many another recondite subject are discussed by skilled and informed experts. The book also contains a very large number of most beautiful examples of the various process methods now in general use. They are marvels of accuracy and artistic arrangement.

Mr. Van Wisselingh has a theory, and we trust that none will consider him too temerarious when we declare his theory to be that England possesses a modern school of landscape painters, a school, moreover, which may be reasonably mentioned in the same

breath with the French and Dutch Romantics. However we may agree or may not agree with Mr. Van Wisselingh, the fact remains that he is sufficiently practical to put his theory to the test; and he will shortly open the doors of his Brook Street gallery to show a collection of landscapes from the brushes of his newly selected school. This collection will include pictures by Mr. Arthur Tomson, Mr. Holloway, Mr. Mark Fisher, Mr. Arthur Lemon, and, we presume, Mr. Peppercorn. It will certainly be a very interesting experiment.

The excellent news has been communicated to the Press that the National Gallery will be open to the public on Sundays from three to six, and will continue to be opened during the same hours throughout the season, if the arrangements be found to work satisfactorily. The experiment is tentative, and the arrangements as to hours and other matters are for the present season only, and subject to modification in the future. That is as it should be; nothing could be more satisfactory than this general movement all over London in favour of the Sunday opening of exhibitions.

A copiously illustrated article, dealing with the studies of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, will form one of the chief features of the Mid-May number of the *Studio*. The supplement accompanying this part will be an original etching by E. W. Charlton, A.R.P.-E.



THE JEWS' WAILING-PLACE.—WILLIAM SIMPSON.
Exhibited at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.

A GREAT SKATER.

You have only to glance at the photograph of Herr Henning Grenander, the champion amateur figure-skater of Sweden, to discover the fact that he is a perfect athlete—a second Sandow, without the abnormal development of the muscles. He stands about five feet ten, and is every inch a ladies' man. His modesty and retiring disposition would not allow of his admitting this to be true, but I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance at Stockholm, his native place, in February 1894, so I know. I was one of a party who went to Stockholm in 1894 to represent England at the International Amateur Races, and one of the privileged



HERR GRENANDER.
Photo by Klemming, Stockholm.

few who were allowed to disport themselves on the centre of the lake while the races were taking place. It was there I first saw Grenander, and until that moment I never realised what it was possible to do on skates.

The man who can leave an impression of his name on ice must be an extraordinarily good skater, but the most difficult twists and turns are accomplished by Grenander with the greatest ease, and, given the space and a clean sheet of ice, he would have no difficulty in tracing the whole of the Lord's Prayer. He is, without doubt, the most skilful exponent of the Swedish school of skating, but his style is peculiarly his own; the elegance with which he sweeps round, pirouettes, cuts loops, Maltese crosses, and other devices, is not only unsurpassable, but imitable, and the truly marvellous way in which he sustains his balance fascinates skater and non-skater alike. Of course, as skating is the national pastime of Sweden, it is needless to say that when, through the instrumentality of Grenander, Sweden became the premier country of Europe in the figure-skating world, he was almost idolised by society, and even now, in his native country, whenever he can be induced to give a practical illustration of his prowess, everybody in his immediate vicinity looks on with rapt attention.

On the second day of the races we had the pleasure of witnessing Grenander and Miss Nissen, the amateur champion lady skater, give an exhibition of combined figure-skating in front of the Royal Enclosure, and, for grace and beauty, I never hope to see anything to approach it. There is a wide difference between the light and fantastic method of skating adopted by Sweden and other European countries, and the stiff and sluggish style adopted by the National Skating Association of England, to the disadvantage of the latter.

As I was one of the three persons in London who knew Grenander, I was deputed to meet him on his arrival; but, owing to a misunderstanding as to trains, I missed my opportunity. However, I sauntered down to the National Skating Palace about noon on the same day, and, after shaking hands with Mr. Digby, the genial secretary of the N.S.A., and general manager of the Ice Rink, he informed me that the floor was being prepared for Grenander to give a private exhibition of his

skill, and kindly gave me an invitation to be present. This was an opportunity not to be missed, and I dropped into one of the luxurious lounges in the Promenade to while away the time. I had not long to wait before in came Grenander, accompanied by Captain Thomson, who played the part of host. As soon as Grenander caught sight of me his face lighted up with pleasure, and he grasped my hand just for "awd acquaintance."

After telling him how pleased we all were at his coming to England, I expressed a hope that he could speak English better than he did two years ago, and he replied, "A little." He can understand our language pretty well, but speaking it is a horse of another colour. However, there are several employés at the Palace who are natives of Sweden, so, with the assistance of an interpreter, I gave him to understand that the people of England would be pleased to hear how it was he became so famous. The last word nearly brought my interview to an end, and it was only by telling him I should be satisfied if he would give me facts, and leave me to fill in the rest, that I could induce him to take me into his confidence. His modesty is perfectly charming, when one thinks of the hundreds of clever men who are eaten up with conceit.

"You see," he went on to say, "I am only twenty-two years of age. I was born at Sköfde, which is very much in the country, and was sent, at the age of eight or nine, to school at Stockholm; but I was eleven before I had an opportunity of learning to skate. I taught myself, and, after practising the first year, entered into a competition and succeeded in carrying off the first prize. Since then I have won no less than twenty-six first prizes."

"Have you ever been beaten?" I ventured to remark.

With a smile he replied, "No, never."

"What occupation do you follow?"

"Oh, I am in one of our large banking companies carrying on business in Stockholm, Berlin, and other places."

"Tell me about your greatest triumph," said I, with fear and trembling.

"I suppose you mean when I competed for Sweden in the International Championship held at Berlin in 1892? Engelmann, the Austrian, was a terror to all figure-skaters, and the competition was reduced to a match between us, and we both held unbeaten records. It was very exciting, because there is a lot of jealousy between Sweden and Austria as to which country can produce the best figure-skaters. I won by one point, and party feeling ran terribly high. To this day the Austrians will not admit they were defeated."

"I was removed to Berlin in 1893, and won the first prize there for that year and the year following. I returned to Stockholm in 1894, and, as we have had very little skating this season, I was pleased to receive an invitation to come to England for a few days. No greater treat could have been offered me. Oh, yes, I once declined an invitation to pay a visit to the Ice Rink in Paris, but that was because I could not speak French, and everybody would be strangers to me. It is different in England," he said; "I know you, and I know Mr. Syers, and Major Balk, the Director-in-Chief of Swedish Sports, says England is a sporting nation, and I ought to consider it a great honour at being the guest of the English National Skating Association."

"What do you think of our magnificent winter and summer real-ice Skating Palace?"

"It is very wonderful, and I shall have a lot to tell our people when I get back. Everything is simply beautiful, and what surprises me most is that the place is warm. This is the first time I have seen anything so splendid; and fancy walking down on Brussels carpets to skate!"—c. h.

SONGS OF THE SUBURBS.

VII.—A VILLA IN MAIDA VALE.

O my Lady, light o' love,
Fickle as a feather,
Which the faintest change can move
Or of wind or weather,
Lady mine, I do not care
To reproach or chide you,
Since you let me kiss your hair
As I sit beside you.

And if all your favours be
But a passing guerdon,
Shall I let futurity
Make *these* days a burden?
It is all-sufficient prize
That you deign to let me
Try to find out from your eyes
How soon you'll forget me.

I have learned your nature's scope,
And would only show you
That I love you without hope,—
Love you though I know you.
What, you're crying? Dry your eyes—
You, perhaps, will miss me—
Now, ere one swift moment flies,
Smile again, and kiss me! GILBERT BURGESS.

A WAR ARTIST IN BULAWAYO.

The trials and troubles of a special artist are illustrated by a letter which Mr. Melton Prior has addressed to the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*, after he had started, in obedience to their instructions, for Bulawayo. Mr. Prior, it will be remembered, was in Johannesburg at the time of Dr. Jameson's expedition, and his sketches of the various incidents of the crisis are in the memory of everyone—

We left Johannesburg at 10 p.m. [writes Mr. Prior], and, after travelling all night, arrived at Kronstadt for breakfast about 9 a.m. on April 1; then on to Bloemfontein, where we arrived about 2 p.m., after a most uninteresting railway journey, as the country is almost as flat as a prairie, with occasional hills in the far distance and mimosa-shrubs and trees in the foreground; and it is simply marvellous how horses and cattle manage to live in the dry, parched-up grass which meets the eye in all directions. At the last station we had twenty minutes for luncheon, and then started on to Springfield, where we dined and changed carriages for Orange River, arriving about 9 a.m., April 2. I had fortunately slept through the junction of the De Vaar. At Orange River I met a young Englishman, named A—— B——, who, in the course of conversation, told me he was on his way to Mafeking, to enlist in any good corps that was being formed to assist the Chartered Company in putting down the Matabele rebellion, and, as he has served in a Yorkshire regiment for two years, he is in hopes he may obtain a small commission; however, as soon as he heard my name, he became very enthusiastic, and asked that, in the event of his not being able to join a mounted corps, I would allow him to go on with me as my servant.

recompense, we managed to appease our host's wrath at the loss of his supper, and, with a bottle of German beer, we made an excellent meal. But here our first troubles began, for we were informed that our engine had broken down, and we should not be able to proceed before the next day. When I had assured myself of the fact of this, there was nothing to do but to bow to the inevitable, and, after a good whisky-and-water, retire to our carriage for the night. The next morning (April 3) we dressed, and, asking for a wash, were told there was no water; but here I found the silver key as useful as in other parts of the world, and we succeeded in obtaining half a bucketful from the engine, which, very fortunately, was well supplied. How the station-master, his wife, and six children managed to make themselves look as clean as they did will ever remain a puzzle to me. At ten o'clock the engine had been made to recover from its temporary fit of indisposition, and we journeyed on apace, passing now occasionally native kraals, with girls and boys of all ages running towards us, clad in very little more than nature's garb—say, a few beads and a feather or two—clapping their hands together as with delight. At ten o'clock we arrived at Mafeking, had a night's rest, and on the morning of the 4th had a conference with Mr. Julius Weil, the great contractor of these parts, who advised me to proceed to Bulawayo by coach, which leaves on the 6th at 5 a.m., and travels without a longer stoppage than half an hour in six days and a half, and it takes 650 miles to do the journey. I am just off, and hope to arrive safely; but it is acknowledged to be one of the worst trials of endurance in the country, and I do not look forward to it with any great pleasure. I will send letters and sketches of the trip, and hope to return in safety. Have just heard that the road is closed on account of the Matabele.

Since this letter was written a cable has been received announcing Mr. Melton Prior's arrival at Bulawayo.



SOME OF THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE MOUNTED INFANTRY DESPATCHED TO BULAWAYO.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.

I was a little diffident about accepting the offer, as he is a gentleman, and would possibly, later on, find having to look after me and three horses rather hard in comparison to only having himself and his horse to look after; but, as he strongly assured me that he did not care how hard he worked, so long as he could see and be in the fighting, I partly promised to take him along, more particularly as he is so keen on being at the front, and he fears that, as trooper or commissioned officer, he, being a young Englishman, might be ordered on such work as patrolling the roads to keep them open, or escorting waggons, whereas the old and experienced men of the country would be sent forward to confront the enemy. But I shall decide on this matter at Mafeking, from whence we shall start on a ride of more than six hundred miles—to Bulawayo.

From Orange River we started again by rail at 9.25 a.m., and arrived at Kimberley at 12.20. Here I met my friend Mr. Moore, traffic manager of the railway, who told me he was very sorry there was no train for Mafeking for two days, but that he could send me and my *pro tem.* servant on by luggage train if I liked, and he even went so far as to have a small composite carriage put on. This was luck, indeed, and, after heartily thanking him, we started for Vryburg, and, to my delight, I found the luggage train travelled quite as fast as the ordinary. I had telegraphed on to ask the hotel manager to have dinner for two ready, but, on our arrival, we were informed that a body of volunteers from the Cape Police had been there and eaten up every scrap of anything to be had. This was rather hard lines on two hungry travellers, but, on casting my eyes around, I discovered two boxes of sardines and two fine tomatoes. These I immediately appropriated, and my servant, who had not been idle, pounced suddenly on half a loaf, which, no doubt, the manager had kept back for himself; but possession is nine points of the law, and we made for the dining-room with the loot. After a little gentle coaxing and a good

Earl Grey, while on his way out to the Cape in the *Dunottar Castle*, occupied himself with ponderous tomes on deck—volumes which deal with the known history of the Company's territories, both before and since the eventful day on which Mr. Thomson started off on his celebrated ride down to Johannesburg with old "Lo Ben's" concession in his pocket. The Earl has aged very considerably during the last two or three years, and some of his old constituents of the Tyneside Division experienced at first the greatest difficulty in recognising the Albert Grey of former times. He made himself thoroughly at home on board, where he won golden opinions from those colonials and other sojourners in the outposts of the Empire who have cultivated a healthy horror of "side." His principal companions on the voyage were the son of Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Fletcher, both of whom are making a flying visit to the Transvaal and Rhodesia to have a peep at properties which engage some of their capital, and, incidentally, to have a little shooting between Bulawayo and Salisbury. The Earl discussed the present situation in extremely hopeful terms, and thought that only caution and discretion are necessary to permit of the almost unlimited expansion of Charterland in a way which will not injure the susceptibilities of the alien Boer race to the south. The *Dunottar Castle* took back to Africa a considerable number of officers and troopers of the Matabeleland Mounted Police. They distinguished themselves on board—officers and men alike—by their extreme reserve.

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MRS. AND MASTER DARRELL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRNE, RICHMOND.

A LORDLY PLEASURE-HOUSE.

It was not until I was half-way through the superb supper that Mr. Wyndham gave in celebration of the twentieth year of his management that I suddenly remembered I had forgotten to examine the stupendous hotel in which we were being entertained royally. The truth is that, after spending four hours at the Lyceum, studying the pick of the English stage, and the evening at the Criterion, I had found that my brain was too much in a whirl to leave me eyes for anything but the wonderful costumes when we trooped up the splendid staircase. But, oh! what a staircase! Gorgeous with the rouge-royal marble columns at the foot, the Sicilian slabs as background, the white, green, and red paving that the absurdly learned called the *Opus Alexandrinum*, and the handrails of yellow Sienna.

Now, when I was half-way through that supper I made a vow that on the morrow I would come and inspect the building. It was a very rash vow, for to inspect a building that covers two and a quarter acres of land, and contains seven hundred bed-rooms and some three hundred other chambers, is a very large order. However, I had the good fortune to obtain the services of a guide who really knew all about it, and I followed him over the colossal building in a state of amazement that was somewhat humiliating to a hardened journalist. I learnt that the Hotel Cecil is the largest all-the-year-round hotel in the world. In the States they have two hotels that are somewhat larger, but they are what may be called season establishments. As for the name, that is due to the fact that the building, whose foundation, alas! was in crime, includes the site of the "large and stately mansion" once known as Cecil or Salisbury House, and formerly, of course, in the family of Salisbury.

"But who," I asked my cicerone, as I noted the gorgeous furnishing, "has done all this furniture?"

"Well," answered my guide, "there was a competition, and it was divided among three firms. The greater and more important part was given to Messrs. Waring, of Liverpool and London, who have furnished the main entrance, the drawing-room, dining-room, restaurant on the ground floor, the suites in the western block and the chief corridors."

Certainly the work of this young firm astonished and delighted me. The daring man responsible for the fortune of the new hotel apparently has given a free hand, and they have proved the wisdom of his conduct. Throughout, their work is of a reasonable audacity, which is marked with complete success. They have made experiments, such as in the two little dining-rooms overlooking the Embankment—one a delightful, bold

scheme of *gloire-de-France* pink damask throughout, and the other of Peruvian emerald-green, both of them furnished admirably in the Empire style, that may come in fashion again. Messrs. Waring have been more fortunate than other experimenters in the building, for the Lambeth-Persian decoration, which is the great feature of the Indian floor, is painfully monotonous, and somewhat reminds one of the so-called wall-papers for bath-rooms. A noticeable piece of their work is the Empire Dining-room, in which have been brought together some charming

specimens of the curious, pseudo-classic style that prevailed when Napoleon was making kingdoms and losing empires. The American visitors, I fancy, will "just bet their pile" on this, for, as naturally becomes a republican country, they are "dead gone" on the Empire style, and it will be remembered that Mr. Daly last year, in the pretty Leicester Square theatre, gave a charming Empire set as background for one of his lively farces.

A Dutch room decorated by Messrs. Waring really fascinated me. It had absolutely nothing of the hotel flavour about it. One might have fancied that some cultured Dutchman had imagined it for his London home. There was a plain wainscoting, about six feet high, of ash stained green, and showing its natural markings. This ended in a rail, whereon were well displayed the pewters, the copper, and the brasses that are characteristic of the land rescued from the sea, and for the background was a frieze of tapestry. The fireplace was rendered homely, yet artistic, by the happy use of ruddy tiles. However, I pass by the other details of a room that has already been honoured by the Prince of Wales. One thing, alas! marred the room—the man in authority had made the mistake of not entrusting to Messrs. Waring the fittings of the electric light, and they were painfully out of character.

As for the principal drawing-room, decorated in tones of brown and gold, in which is a superb Erard piano with marquetry case embellished by magnificent mercury-gilt plaques, I think it needless to say anything, for, now that the hotel is opened, anyone can find some pretext for visiting at least the public rooms of the magnificent hotel which has achieved the extraordinary feat of creating a week's gossip and interest even at a time when English history is being made in the most sensational style at an almost unprecedented pace. To me, the opportunity of seeing the private rooms—now, of course, occupied—in which the happy efforts of Messrs. Waring show that modern English art, when handled by real connoisseurs, is supreme in the realm of home decoration, was the source of a really great pleasure.



THE HOTEL CECIL, FROM THE EMBANKMENT.



A SITTING-ROOM.



A BED-ROOM.

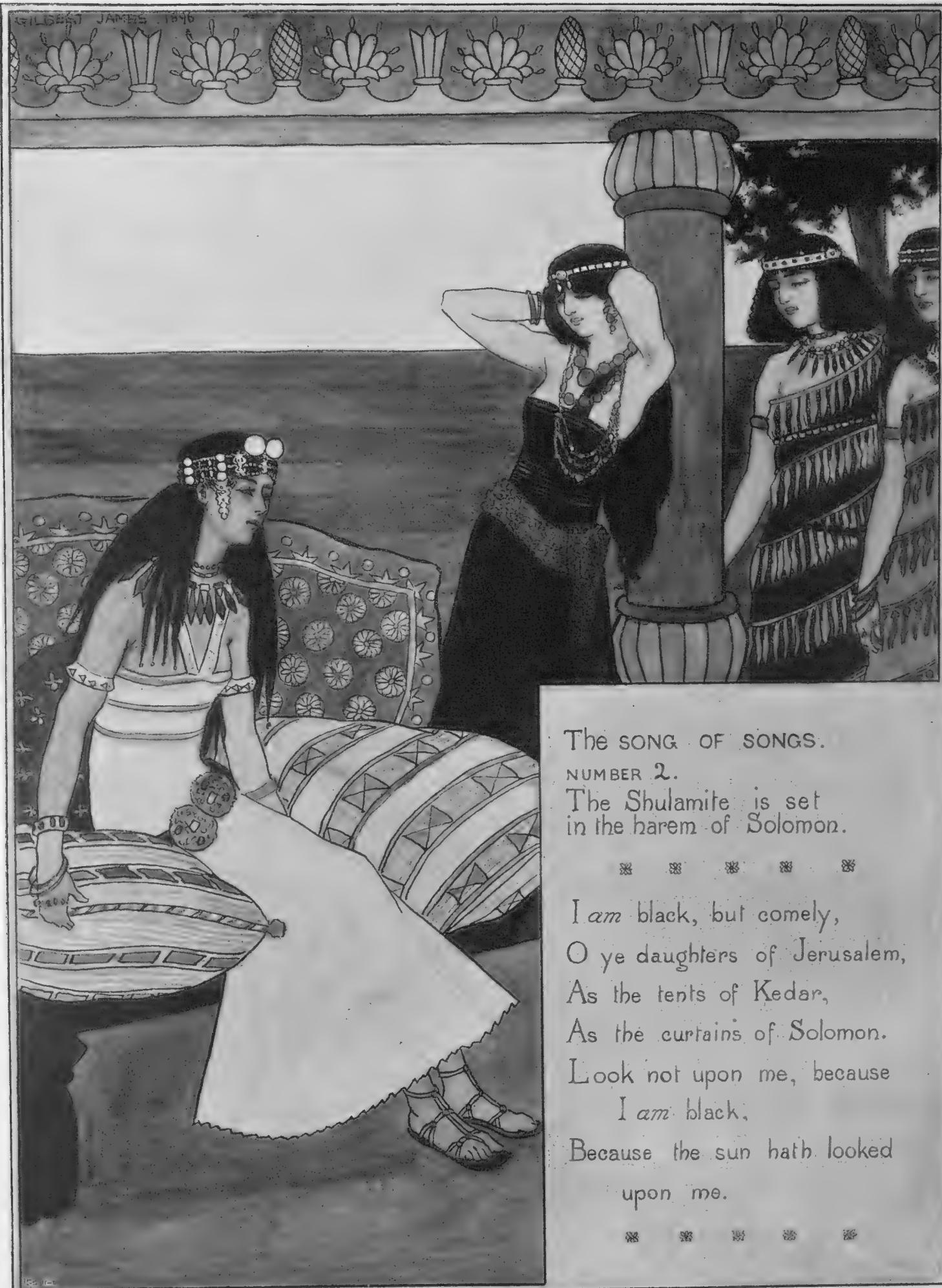
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A STRANGE REQUEST.

"Put me on an egg! Quick, put me on an egg!"



The SONG OF SONGS.

NUMBER 2.

The Shulamite is set
in the harem of Solomon.



I am black, but comely,
O ye daughters of Jerusalem,
As the tents of Kedar,
As the curtains of Solomon.
Look not upon me, because
I am black,
Because the sun hath looked
upon me.



THE WORLD'S SOUP-KITCHEN.

"I, too, am a collector," she remarked, with a mocking smile.

"Stamps? Post-marks? Current coin?"

She shook her head each time, and said, "I will bet you a dozen pairs of gloves—white, with black points, five and three-quarters—that you don't guess in three more tries."

I made the bet and the guesses—"Autographs, theatrical souvenirs, and crests."

"You've lost. I collect—Liebig advertisement-cards."

I laughed scornfully. "Show them."

"Oh! I haven't them here—they're at home."

Before paying, I determined to verify; so I went to the office of the Liebig's Extract of Meat Company, and asked to see the manager. I was shown into the room of Mr. C. E. Gunther, the Deputy-Chairman, and promptly inquired about the new mania.

"Oh," he said, smiling, "there are really lots of collectors, particularly in Germany. We have issued over three hundred sets, very

prettily got up, and many are now exceedingly scarce. Collectors will give as much as five pounds for the Jubilee set, representing scenes in her Majesty's life. There are even catalogues issued, giving the date of issue of each set. Of course, we have so far admitted the humour of the affair that we do not republish them."

"I'd sooner collect your dividend-warrants, myself, than your advertisement-cards."

"You would find them bulky. We have paid nearly two millions in dividends; and, in addition, given a bonus-share, twenty pounds paid up—now worth sixty-five to seventy pounds—for every three shares held."

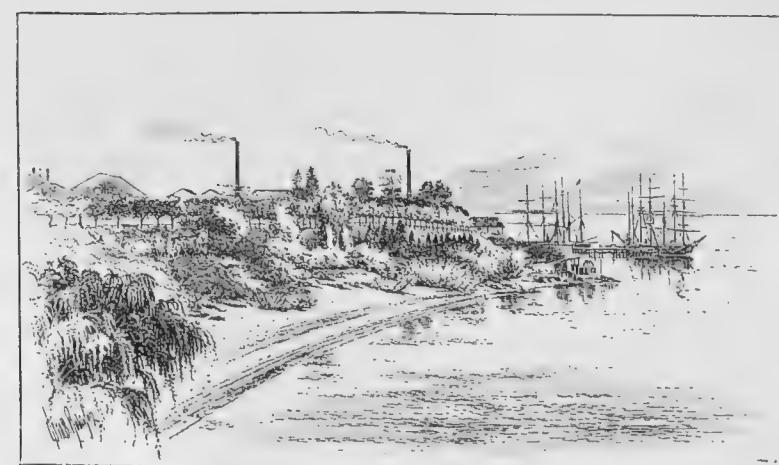
"My yeye! to quote Trilby. And how long has it taken? Who founded the company?"

"My father, now the Managing Director, founded it in 1865, taking over the assets of the original small company—the Fray Bentos. We have been successful from the start; but, then, we had one immense advantage over all rivals."

"Indeed!"

"Baron Justus von Liebig acted as our scientific director to the day of his death, and, of course, you know that—"

"That he was the friend of Humboldt, pupil of Gay-Lussac, Professor



THE WHARF.

of Chemistry at Munich, and created Baron for his splendid services in the domains of pure and also applied chemistry. I learnt all about him at school."

"He gave us special permission to use his name and wonderful invention—privileges accorded to no one else, though many trade on them—on condition that he or his representatives constantly analysed the extract to see that its quality was maintained. Since his death this scrutiny has not been relaxed, and we have the services and analyses of

his representatives—two or three of the best English and Continental analysts."

"No wonder, then, the public choose an extract so highly guaranteed in preference to those made by irresponsible manufacturers."

"Almost as valuable a guarantee is the magnitude of our output. The number of cattle killed daily in our factory in South America during the slaughtering season is between 1500 and 2500 a-day for seven months in the year. They are chosen from the pick of the herds on the superb grazing-grounds of the River Plate, and crossed more or less with English blood."

"Why, they must supply bone enough for the cutlery of Great Britain; but why do you call the magnitude of your operations a guarantee of quality?"

"Simply for this reason. Ours is the largest industrial concern in South America, and by working on such a huge scale—using over 250,000 head of cattle—we command the market, and can pick and choose. I need hardly tell you that the quality of the extract to a large extent depends on the quality of the cattle."

"That sounds probable."

"And also on the part of the carcass used. Now we, of course, buying most can buy cheapest, and, since we have profitable use for all parts of the animal, can employ the best for our extract. Further, we are the only concern in South America who make our product and sell it to the public, carrying out the business right from one end to the other. You can easily understand what a great advantage this gives us in keeping our extract uniform in quality and thus retaining the confidence of the public. There are manufacturers compelled to buy their raw material in England; you can imagine that the price prevents them from using anything save such inferior parts as we reject! The pity is that people can make what passes with the ignorant for a decent extract out of almost any part of the ox. Moreover, we can afford to spend a very large amount of money on scientific supervision and



THE ENTRANCE TO THE LIEBIG COMPANY'S WORKS AT FRAY BENTOS.

investigation, which in the case of smaller people would be crushing, owing to its relative magnitude to their business; with us it is a mere tiny percentage.

"I, of course, need hardly tell you that, after taking the best parts of the flesh for our extract, there is left matter for a prodigious commerce. Think of the by-products—fat used for cooking in South America, tallow for soap and candles, guano prepared from the residues largely sold by us in Europe and the States. It is quaint to think that the professedly graminivorous cattle not only eat the grass enriched by the blood, bones, and residues of their South American cousins, but actually consume fattening cakes made with our dried residue meat-powder—a fact for the foreign cow to chew with her cud. Horns become combs, and the hair stuffs mattresses, while we supply the Brazils and Cuba with *tasajo*, the beef dried in the sun. Then there are the Fray Bentos tongues, for which the demand exceeds the supply, and the hides—"

"I should like to take breath, if you please. Where do you distribute it all from?"

"Antwerp. We have shipped thither close on £20,000,000 of produce. Why? Well, we find there a large market for the hides, and, besides, Antwerp, you know, is fast becoming, if it has not already become, the most important port on the Continent, its development since the enlargement of its docks and the construction of its vast quay having proceeded at a very rapid rate. As a transhipment port it is fast becoming a rival to Liverpool and London, whilst, as a railway forwarding station to the various countries of Northern and Central Europe, it stands in an almost unequalled position. The neutrality of the port is also guaranteed in case of any war in which England, France, or Germany is concerned. Besides the general dépôt in Antwerp, we have agencies all over the world, so that the extract is on sale from China to Peru."

"What becomes of all the meat extract?"

"The chief use, and the best, is in the kitchen for enriching and flavouring soups, sauces, and made dishes. We do much in the way of improving the cuisine of the country. Moreover, in

order to see that it is properly used, we publish and give away valuable cookery-books. It is also quite as largely used for beef-tea, where it is most valuable, and on account of its purity it can often be retained where other liquids are rejected."

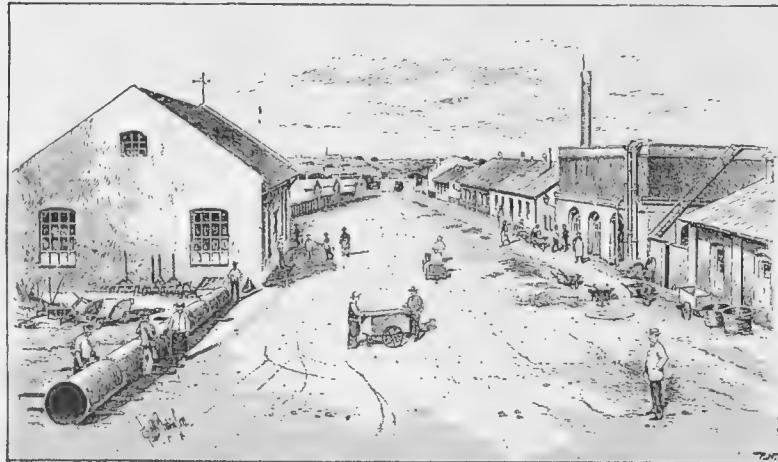
"Then as a food used alone—?"

"Liebig never intended it to be used *alone* as a food, but, with a little bread and some vegetables, it is a most valuable form of

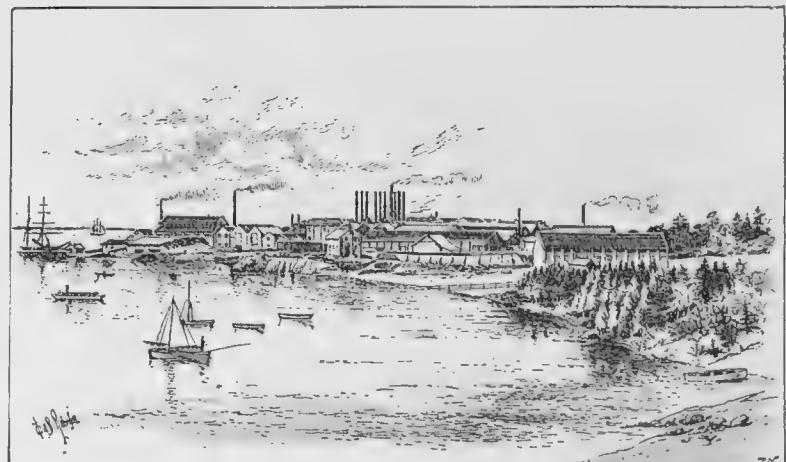
chemists and physiologists consider that our extract not only has a very stimulating effect, but also contains nutritive elements in large quantities."

"I have seen advertisements of a 'Peptone of Beef'; do you make that?"

"Oh, yes; acting on the request of doctors in all parts of the world, we have succeeded in making a palatable preparation containing the nutritive



A STREET SCENE IN THE WORKS.



VIEW OF THE WORKS FROM THE RIVER.

nourishment. In the Franco-German war every soldier in the successful army was supplied with our extract, and Baron Liebig demonstrated that with one pound of the extract, with bread and some vegetables, good broth can be made for 128 men. Liebig never pretended that any fluid extract could be made into a complete food, though he foresaw that many futile efforts would be made to produce a fluid quintessential food. He believed, as I do, that such attempts must be unsuccessful."

"But it is actually nutritious, is it not?"

"Certainly, much more nutritious than Liebig had thought, for since his days there has been rapid progress in analytical processes, and new discoveries as to laws of nutrition have been made. Modern

vital principles of prime beef in a condensed form readily assimilable. To do that, of course, we had to prepare the beef in a predigested state, so that it could be absorbed by the system without putting on the stomach the task of digesting it. It was a difficult task, but we have succeeded, and from all the leading medical papers, from the practising doctors, and the Press generally, we have received the warmest expressions of admiration. The Peptone is intended primarily for the sick-room."

"I suppose that other Governments than the German have recognised the value of the extract?"

"Indeed, yes. The Government of her Majesty, as well as foreign Powers, to say nothing of a vast number of public institutions."

"The competition of other preparations is rather keen, is it not?" I remarked.

"We scarcely feel it, for our difficulty lies more in supply than demand, despite the efforts of some of our rivals to trade on the Baron's name. The way in which his views are twisted and turned by some competitors shows the weakness of their case. However, we can afford to disregard their efforts, for, as I remarked before, our business is conducted on so huge a scale that we can practically defy competition," was the reply.

Our conversation, perhaps to Mr. Gunther's contentment, was cut short by the fact that he was summoned to a Board-meeting, where I should have been somewhat *de trop*; so I left the Liebig Company's offices, interested and somewhat dejected. The thought that I did not share in the two millions of dividends was depressing, and, worse still, that, though not sharing in them, I had the dozen pairs of gloves to buy. Yet, as I walked through the City, the enormous nature of the company's business fascinated me. Even to the strictly non-commercial mind there is a kind of poetry in the huge figures of some trades. To think of a daily sacrifice of two thousand five hundred oxen to the memory of the famous discoverer of chloral and inventor of silver-coated mirrors! By a strange coincidence, on the table of the restaurant at which I lunched I found a pretty menu-card, with a sporting-scene cleverly drawn and capitally printed in colours. It reminded me of the Liebig cards that had lost me the bet and supplied me with a column of copy. I put it gravely in my pocket, with a hearty prayer that I shall not turn collector.



A BUSY SPOT.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



"Of course, I admit it isn't plagiarism," said Carter Esplan savagely; "it's fate, it's the devil, but is it the less irritating on that account? No, no!" And he ran his hand through his hair till it stood on end. He shook with febrile excitement, a red spot burnt on either cheek, and his bitten lip quivered. "Confound Burford, and his parents, and his ancestors! The tools to him that can handle them," he added, after a pause, during which his friend Vincent curiously considered him.

"It's your own fault, my dear wild man," said he; "you are too lazy. Besides, remember these things—these notions, motives—are in the air. Originality is only the art of catching early worms. Why don't you do the things as soon as you invent them?"

"Now you talk like a bourgeois, like a commercial traveller," returned Esplan angrily. "Why doesn't an apple-tree yield apples when the blossoms are fertilised? Why wait for summer, and the influences of wind and sky? Why don't live chickens burst new-laid eggs? Shall parturition tread sudden on conception? Didn't the mountain labour to bring forth a mouse? and shall—"

"Your works of genius not require a portion of the eternity to which they are destined?"

"Stuff!" snarled Esplan; "but you know my method. I catch the suggestion, the floating thistle-down of thought, the title, maybe; and then I leave it, perhaps without a note, to the brain, to the subliminal consciousness, the subconscious self. The story grows in the dark of the inner perpetual sleepless soul. It may be rejected by the artistic tribunal sitting there, it may be bidden to stand aside. I, the outer I, the husk-case of hereditaries, know nothing of it, but one day I take the pen and the hand writes it. This is the automatism of art, and I—I am nothing, the last only of the concealed individualities within me. Perhaps a dumb ancestor attains speech, and yet the Complex Ego Esplan must be anticipated in this way."

He rose and paced the lonely club smoking-room with irregular steps. His nerves were evidently quivering, his brain was wild. But Vincent, who was a physician, saw deeper. For Esplan's speech was jerky, at times he missed the right word—the locomotor centres were not under control.

"What of morphine?" he thought. "I wonder if he's at it again, and is to-day without his quantum." But Esplan burst out once more.

"I should not care so much if Burford did them well, but he doesn't know how to write a story. Look at this last thing of mine—of his. I saw it leaping and alive; it ran and sang, a very Mænad; it had red blood. With him it wasn't even born dead; it squeaks puppetry, and leaks sawdust, and moves like a lay figure, and smells of most manifest manufacture. But I can't do it now. He has spoilt it for ever. It's the third time. Curse him, and my luck! I work when I must."

"Your calling is very serious to you," said Vincent lazily. "After all, what does it matter? What are stories? Are they not opiates for cowards' lives? I would rather invent some little instrument, or build a plank bridge across a muddy stream, than write the best of them."

Esplan turned on him.

"Well, well," he almost shouted; "the man who

invented chloroform was great, and the makers of it are useful. Call stories chloral, morphia, bromides, if you will, but we give ease."

"When it might be better to use blisters."

"Rot!" answered Esplan rudely. "In any case, your talk is idle. I am I, and writers are writers—small, if you will, but a result and a force. Give me a rest. Don't talk ideal poppycock!"

He ordered liqueur brandy. After drinking it, his aspect changed a little, and he smiled.

"Perhaps it won't occur again. If it does, I shall feel that Burford is very much in my way. I shall have to—"

"Remove him?" asked Vincent.

"No, but work quicker. I have something to write soon. It would just suit him to spoil."

The talk changed, and soon afterwards the friends parted. Esplan went to his chambers in Bloomsbury. He paced his sitting-room idly for a few minutes, but after a while he began to feel the impulse in his brain; his fingers itched, the semi-automatic mood came on. He sat down and wrote, at first slowly, then quicker, and at last furiously.

It was three in the afternoon when he began work. At ten o'clock



"Don't talk ideal poppycock!"

he was still at his desk, and the big table on which it stood was strewn with tobacco-ashes and many pipes. His hair again stood on end, for at intervals he ran his damp hands through it. His eyes altered like opals; at times they sparkled and almost blazed, and then grew dim. He changed at each sentence; he mouthed his written talk audibly; each thought was reflected in his pale, mobile face. He laughed and then groaned; at the crisis tears ran down and blurred the already indecipherable script. But at eleven he rose, stiff in every limb, and staggering. With difficulty, he picked the unpage leaves from the floor, and sorted them in due order. He fell into his chair.

"It's good, it's good!" he said, chuckling. "What a queer devil I am! My dumb ancestors pipe oddly in me. It's strange, devilish strange; man's but a mouth-piece, and crazy at that. How long has this last thing been hatching? The story is old, yet new. Gibbon shall have it. It will just suit him. Little beast, little horror, little hog, with a divine gold ring of appreciation in his grubbing snout."

He drank half a tumbler of whisky, and tumbled into bed. His mind ran riot.

"My ego's a bit fissured," he said. "I ought to be careful."

And ere he fell asleep he talked conscious nonsense. Incongruous ideas linked themselves together; he sneered at his brain's folly, and yet he was afraid. He used morphine at last in such a big dose that it touched the optic centre and subjective lightnings flashed in his dark room. He dreamed of an "At Home," where he met big, brutal Burford wearing a great diamond in his shirt-front.

"Bought by my conveyed thoughts," he said. But looking down he perceived that he had yet a greater jewel of his own, and soon his soul melted in the contemplation of its rays, till his consciousness was dissipated by a divine absorption into the very Nirvana of Light.

When he woke the next day it was already late in the afternoon. He was overcome by yesterday's labour, and, though much less irritable, he walked feebly. The trouble of posting his story to Gibbon seemed almost too much for him, but he sent it, and took a cab to his club, where he sat almost comatose for many hours.

Two days afterwards, he received a note from the editor, returning his story. It was good, but—

"Burford sent me a tale with the same motive weeks ago, and I accepted it."

Esplan smashed his thin white hand on his mantelpiece, and made it bleed. That night he got drunk on champagne, and the brilliant wine seemed to nip and bite and twist every nerve and brain-cell. His irritability grew so extreme that he lay in wait for subtle, unconceived insults, and meditated morbidly on the aspect of innocent strangers. He gave the waiter double what was necessary, not because it was particularly deserved, but because he felt that the slightest sign of discontent on the waiter's part might lead to an uncontrollable outburst of anger on his own.

Next day, he met Burford in Piccadilly, and cut him dead with a bitter sneer.

"I daren't speak to him—I daren't!" he muttered.

And Burford, who could not quite understand, felt outraged. He himself hated Esplan with the hatred of an outpaced, outsaile rival. He knew his own work lacked the diabolical certainty of Esplan's—it wanted the fine phrase, the right red word of colour, the rush and onward march to due finality, the bitter, exact conviction, the knowledge of humanity that lies in inheritance, the exalted experience that proves received intuitions. He was, he knew, a successful failure, and his ambition was greater even than Esplan's. For he was greedy, grasping, esurient, and his hollowness was obvious even before Esplan proved it with his ringing touch.

"He takes what I have done, and does it better. It's malice, malice," he urged to himself.

And when Esplan placed his last story, and the world remembered only to forget in its white-hot brilliance the cold paste of Burford's Paris jewel, he felt hell surge within him. But he beat his thoughts down for a while, and went on his little, laboured way.

The success of this story and Burford's bitter eclipse helped Esplan greatly, and he might have got saner if other influences working for misery in his life had not hurt him. For a certain woman died, one whom none knew he knew, and he clung to morphine, which, in its increase, helped to throw him later on. It works as one who builds a dam higher and higher yet against the rising waters, and the crash must come.

And at last it did come, for Burford had two stories, better far than his usual work, in a magazine that Esplan almost looked on as his own. They were on Esplan's very motives, he had them almost ready to write. The sting of this last bitter blow drove him off his tottering balance; he conceived murder, and plotted it brutally, and then subtly, and became dominated by it, till his life was the flower of the insane motive. It altered nothing when a reviewer pointed out the close resemblance between the two men's work, and, exalting Esplan's genius, placed the writer beyond all evil, the other below all place.

But that drove Burford crazy. It was so bitterly true. He ground his teeth, and, hating his own work, hated worse the man who destroyed his own conceit. He wanted to do harm. How should he do it?

Esplan had long since gone under. He was a homicidal maniac with one man before him. He conceived and wrote schemes. His stories ran to murder. He read and imagined means. At times he was in danger of believing he had already done the deed. One wild day he almost gave himself up for this proleptic death. Thus his imagination burnt and flamed before his conceived path.

"I'll do it, I'll do it," he muttered; and at the club the men talked about him.

"To-morrow," he said, and then he put it off. He must consider the art of it. He left it to bourgeon in his fertile brain. And at last, just as he wrote, action, lighted up by strange circumstance, began to loom big before him. Such a murder would wake a vivid world, and be an epoch in crime. If the red earth were convulsed in war, even then would it stay to hear that incredible, true story, and, soliciting deeper knowledge, seek out the method and growth of means and motive. He chuckled audibly in the street, and laughed thin laughter in his room of fleeting visions. At night he walked the lonely squares near at hand, considering eagerly the rush of his own divided thoughts, and, leaning against the railings of the leafy gardens, he saw ghosts in the moon-shadows, and beckoned them to converse. He became a night-bird, and was rarely seen.

"To-morrow," he said at last. To-morrow he would really take the first step. He rubbed his hands and laughed as he pondered near home, in his own lonely square, the finer last details which his imagination multiplied.

"Stay, enough, enough!" he cried to his separate mad mind; "it is already done."

And the shadows were very dark about him. He turned to go home.

Then came immortality to him in strange shape. For it seemed as though his ardent and confined soul burst out of his narrow brain and sparkled marvellously. Lights showered about him, and from a rose sky lightnings flashed, and he heard awful thunder. The heavens opened in a white blaze, and he saw unimaginable things. He reeled, put his hand to his stricken head, and fell heavily in a pool of his own blood.

And the Anticipator, horribly afraid, ran down a by-street.



A SACRED WELL.

Hurdwar, one of the sacred cities of the Hindus lying on the banks of the Ganges, is peopled with an ever-shifting throng of pilgrims, who come from all parts of India, some on foot, others by train—so prosaic has the world become—to bathe in the Ghat, a bend of the river, partitioned off by a small iron bridge, a flight of stairs leading from the street to the water. And there the pilgrims consign to the sacred waters the bones or ashes of their dead. The scene is curious, and in its way pathetic. The hale and the sick, the wealthy and the poor, all crowd together into the holy bath, or "Har-Ili-Parki." Some seek material, others spiritual, health; the cripple hopes to throw away his crutch, and the sinner sees Paradise in sight. The sacred fish, which are so tame that they often eat out of the pilgrims' hands, alone obtain a tangible result from the great pilgrimage, for none of those who take part in it neglect to feed the inmates of the sacred bath. Writing *Rama*, or "God," on a small piece of paper, the pious pilgrim places a number of flour pills over the word, and then throws the whole to the sacred shoal. Those who cannot undertake the pilgrimage commission others to bring them the sacred liquid, and a lively trade in Ganges-water is done all the year round. From the sacred cities to all parts of Central India picturesque processions of water-carriers wend their way. Should they travel by rail their burden would lose its properties; and so it is that the sacred water, enclosed in tiny vessels bound about with wicker, remains as yet one of the few survivals of old India. Standing among the pilgrims may be seen the fakirs, or mendicants, dressed up in all manners and shapes, with chains round their waists, and their hair all matted with rope, and their bodies covered with wood-ash and paint. On the stairs leading to the Ghat can also be seen the Sacred Bull, with a leg growing out from his shoulder. The bazaar adjoining the Ghat is a narrow, close street, with cloth-merchants and sweet-shops, &c., galore. During the Mela of 1892 the cholera broke out among the pilgrims, and the Commissioner telegraphed into Roorkee for two companies of the sappers and miners to be sent out to help clear the city of them. Sentries were lined up along all the thoroughfares, and everyone caught who was not a permanent resident of the place was marched up to the railway station, and placed in pens. About one hundred thousand pilgrims were thus disposed of in twenty-four hours. On the one hand biers could be seen going along with a cholera case, and on the other pilgrims were clamouring to be allowed to go and have a dip in the Ghat. When told that they would die if they remained, they would say they had better die than go without their bath.

IN LONDON.

Writ after a Sojourn in a Country Village.

You may sing about the heather
And the fields in summer weather,
When the hawthorn hedges blossom in the lanes;
Such a landscape set before me
Would inevitably bore me,
For the blood of London courses in my veins.

Oh, the country's dull and dreary,
And I weary—how I weary!—
Of the waving wheat and barley on the plains;
But to watch the hansoms spanking
And to hear the 'buses clanking
Sets the blood of London throbbing in my veins.

Then to see the lamplight dancing,
On the silent river glancing
'Neath the bridges and the puffing of the trains;
And to hear Big Ben a-tolling
And the boom of traffic rolling
Can arouse the blood of London in my veins.

Rustic maidens may be simple,
With their ruddy cheeks and dimple,
And the best of health may beam upon their swains;
But my sense of kinship hovers
Round a pair of Cockney lovers
With the blood of London throbbing in their veins.

Oh, the fever is my master,
For it whirls me ever faster,
Yet I love it—though they tell me that it drains;
And you face and fight a battle,
Where the cannons roar and rattle
When the blood of London courses through your veins.—B.



PILGRIMS BATHING IN THE SACRED WATERS OF THE GANGES.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SERGEANT F. MAYO, R.E., ROORKEE.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

South Africa and the Education Bill have divided the attention of Parliament during the week. The division, so far as public business is concerned, has not been in proportion to the interest. Interminable speeches in Parliament have been made on the Education Bill, to almost empty benches, while the one topic of conversation has been the policy to be pursued towards the Chartered Company and the Transvaal. This latter is so important a question that there is no wonder about that. But it is a bad sign, in my opinion, that so little real interest is taken in the Education Bill. The Bill is a "big" one, and the majority which supports it is a big one too; but I am afraid that the Government Bills will be none the better for the fact that a large majority can always be relied on to pass them. The rank-and-file in the House are inclined to be lazy in getting up this "big" Bill; and the House of Commons will not be improved as an institution by the lack of interest taken by the rank-and-file, and by their depending so much upon their leaders not to "give them away." The contrast is a curious one between this apathy on a really important domestic measure and the lively interest in foreign politics. The House has no real voice in foreign politics; and the less it has the better, until we get a Foreign Affairs Committee which can discuss in private. These "big" debates on foreign affairs do no good to anybody. But the House is just the body to do really good work on a Bill such as Sir John Gorst's, and it is unfortunate that the opportunity is denied it. The fact remains, however, that all the real interest is in foreign affairs; and there are not forty men in the House who understand what the Education Bill will do.

EDUCATIONAL CRITICS.

Mr. Asquith's "big" speech was a well-rehearsed platform effort. It did not go down with the House, where its turgid periods and eloquent declamation excited only admiration for the advocate, not respect for the knowledge behind. However, the speech came off duly, and brought Mr. Asquith once more into the Parliamentary arena. This clever politician's friends had been told to expect something wonderful, and the fascinations of dinner and society had been well placed beforehand. The result was that Mr. Asquith's eloquence was publicly compared with Burke's, and even Mr. Gladstone was hardly "in it." A pretty little game, truly, the game of politics, but a trifle laughable! Still, it is really consoling to find that the Liberal leaders are plucking up enough heart even to pose as alive and kicking. Mr. Bryce's elaborate attack on the Bill was not such a rhetorical exhibition as Mr. Asquith's, and Mr. Bryce has not the same society backing; but the ex-Professor is an authority on Education, and Mr. Asquith is not. On the Conservative side, the defence of a Bill which is sure to be carried by a large majority strikes me as having been rather playful. Lord George Hamilton made a very thorough speech, and one which has encouraged the London party to ask for special treatment. But Sir John Gorst was curiously cynical. Somehow, I am more and more impressed with the conviction that the Bill, as draughted by Sir John, was completely altered in the Cabinet, and that he was then left to reconcile his own original plan with the modifications insisted on; that he has done this with characteristic cleverness, but with a feeling that a lot of still cleverer management will be wanted to keep the patches together; and that he takes refuge in the difficulties of the Opposition rather than champion the Bill as a great reform on its own account. This, I feel sure, will mean a good deal of trouble in Committee from more quarters than the Radical.

CAUGHT NAPPING.

Twice in the same week the Unionist Whips have let their big majority dwindle to a minority. This is worth recording, less for its intrinsic importance than as a sign of the laziness which, I fear, is beginning to infect the House, from its Leader downwards. A Sunday Closing Bill, backed by the ultra-Prohibitionists, was actually read a second time through the Unionist members mostly trooping home to bed on one night of the Education debates; and on another a Charity Commission scheme, backed by Sir John Gorst, was defeated precisely from a similar reason. This is one of the penalties which the Government is paying for the taking of the time of the House for its own business, to the squeezing-out of the private member. The ordinary M.P. expects now to respond only to the regular arrangements made by the Whips; and when the great work of the day is over, he forgets that anything else may be on the paper, and rushes off. It does not really matter, because no private Bill—for instance, about Sunday Closing—will get a chance of passing.

THE PURITY OF THE HOUSE.

Somebody has had the audacity to express a hope that the Chartered Company business may not mean an English Panama. People who can even "hope" such a thing do not know the House of Commons. Whatever the Government may do, either to Mr. Rhodes or the Company, the country knows, or ought to know, that absolutely just dealing may be counted upon as a certainty. The French Chamber had members who were certainly "got at" by the Panama gang. The Italian Chamber was, and is, full of men who would take a bribe without winking. I say nothing about the United States, and its regular system of "boodle." But the English Parliament of to-day is pure of any such suggestion. Even Mr. Dillon paid this tribute to it the other day. Out of all this South African imbroglio that great fact will stand out bright and clear.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

The debate on the Second Reading of the Education Bill has begun, and will probably end next Friday. The opening day went a good deal on the lines that one expected it to take. Sir John Gorst and Mr. Asquith are two very well-contrasted personalities, and their style as House of Commons speakers is as different as their characters. Sir John Gorst is the able, clear-headed, unenthusiastic, cynical man of the world, with a certain touch of veiled sympathy with democratic movements hidden behind his mask, and a much less carefully concealed contempt for his Party and the main bent of its policy. The gossip goes that he does not like the Bill as it stands, that only a small part of it was his creation, and that the bulk of it came from Lord Salisbury and from the less progressive side of the Education Department. Be that as it may, Sir John Gorst seemed to take the part of a lawyer who, having, after hesitation, accepted a brief, had screwed himself up to back it. He did not do his work quite pleasantly or quite successfully. Like his speech on the introduction of the Bill, his Second Reading effort was spoiled by sneers at the Board Schools, and by a certain lackadaisical tone, which always marks him when he addresses the House. The merits of the speech were its clearness and its neatness of exposition, and the rather deft way in which it played with the plausible side of the machinery of the Bill, which, with all its reactionary character, is a very clever and wily document. I fancy, however, that Sir John will, on the whole, make a very able pilot of the measure. He is shrewd, he is deft, he knows the weak points in which opportunity scores, and he is very good-tempered. He will not speak overmuch, which was the fault of Mr. Gladstone in defending a complicated Bill.

MR. ASQUITH'S SPEECH.

From the point of view of the finer kind of rhetoric and argument, Sir John Gorst's speech was, of course, much inferior to Mr. Asquith's. The late Home Secretary rarely addresses the House without improving his hold on it. On the whole, I am inclined to think him the best House of Commons speaker—if we take out of the category the men of first-rate genius of the type of Burke, Disraeli, and Gladstone—which has appeared during the century. At all events, that is his promise, if it is not his performance. He just knows what to say, what to omit saying, how to say it, and when to say it—all invaluable gifts. His elocution is as perfect as Mr. Chamberlain's, and you have, in fact, an almost flawless presentation of the case, argumentative, but also rhetorical—with an occasional appeal to passion, but in the main to reason—lacking in profundity, in wit, in the highest kind of eloquence, in charm, but always satisfying to the ear, to the mind, and to the temper of the House of Commons. Mr. Asquith's style represents a perfectly attuned instrument, pitched neither too high nor too low for the task its master has set it. The main bent of his speech was uncompromising opposition to the Bill; it was couched in a far less compromising tone than a later speech of Mr. Bryce's, and was a challenge of fight on every stage and provision of the Bill.

THE OBJECTIONS TO THE BILL.

Of course, this is not going to be the real note of the Opposition. The Bill will be carried by a sweeping majority—between 200 and 300—owing to the fact that, I fancy, the whole Irish Party, even including Mr. Davitt, will find themselves compelled by their Catholic sympathies to vote for the measure on its principle. Where the Opposition will score will be the Committee. Curiously enough, the Bill is not cordially liked by any section; it does not give enough to the Roman Schools or to some of the needy Voluntary Schools. The Churchman does not like Clause 27, which will enable the Dissenting minister to show his nose in the village Church School. The Educationalists do not like the putting of the School Board in chains, and a good many silent friends of Local Government think there will be endless trouble in the clashing of interests and sympathies between the School Board and the County Council. The machinery is awkward, is often open to objection and amendment, and, in fact, I do not think that on many points of the Bill it will fight well. But it is very clever, rather plausible, and in the hands of an able and not too scrupulous politician. Changed it will be, and changed, perhaps, for the better, but the strength of the Government will be devoted to passing it, and passed it will be.

THE CHARTERED COMPANY.

The publication of the cipher telegrams has been a godsend to nearly everybody but Mr. Rhodes. It has helped Mr. Chamberlain immensely, it has turned the tide from the futile criticism about the Outlanders to the vital facts of the raid, has given him a rest from the hostile and worrying interpolations of men like Sir Ashmead-Bartlett, and has produced a very strong effect on opinion in the House. It would, indeed, be a mistake to suppose that the Unionist Party is at all solid for the Chartered Company. Men like Lord Rathmore, and other Tories I could name, as well as, I think, the majority of Unionists, are no friends of Mr. Rhodes's proceedings, and you hear a good deal of strong, straight talk about the necessity of the British Empire standing for legality. On the other hand, of course, there are the Duchesses, the shareholders, the financiers, and the Imperialists, and, I am sorry to say, a few secret friends on the Liberal side; but, on the whole, the forces of good sense and good faith are being strengthened in the House of Commons. The South African situation looks a good deal better.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

There is a strong contingent of American wheels in London at the present time, notable among them being the "Columbia" bicycle. Its riders include the Countess Cairns, Lady Spencer Churchill, Lady Hay, Lady St. Leonards, Lady Dunleath, Mrs. Berens, Lord Willoughby de Eresby, the Earl of Dunraven, Mr. H. Rider Haggard, and Mr. Henry Norman. The "Columbia" is a machine which yields to your every call, and your command over it is complete. Weighing but twenty-three pounds, it is, nevertheless, as strong a machine as anyone could wish for, and that is because it is made of the finest nickel-steel, the sort of which our cannon are made. The "Columbia" bicycle has taken its makers nearly a quarter of a century to bring to its present perfection. Its peculiar features are its new crank-shaft, the fitting of which on the '95 machines caused such wonderment among the mechanical experts of the whole American continent and the cycling world in general.

Miss Vigor, whose portrait is given, is mounted on her favourite "Columbia," and dressed in the Columbia cycling costume.

Briefly, the costume consists of skirt, blouse, and coat, and is made up in a dark grey-blue cloth material. The novel feature of the skirt lies in the ingenious design, for, while it resembles a divided skirt, it really is not one. It is so made that, like a riding-habit, it is provided underneath with caps for the knees, and when the rider dismounts the dress folds and falls in front just like an ordinary walking-skirt, minus, however, in some degree, the usual fulness found in the orthodox street dress; but in general appearance it is exactly the same, being of full length. The blouse is composed of pale-green shot silk, and is fairly full. The coat, like the skirt, is lined with pale-green moiré silk, with green cloth revers and oxidised buttons; cuffs to match. The costume is effectively set off with a large oxidised buckle worn at the waist. The Columbia cycling costume is completed with a Tam o' Shanter. The costume was designed originally for Miss Vigor by Mr. Evans, Argyll House, George Street, Hanover Square, W., who has since patented it.

Last week, in Grafton Street, Dublin, a rider, having alighted from his bicycle, calmly laid the machine down upon its side in the road. Several passers-by stared at him and then at the machine, but nobody spoke. "It's a fine plan," he said to me, as we entered the same shop, "for no person can now knock the machine over, and carriages drive as far away from it as possible." He then began to describe minutely the leading features of a new tweed "cycling shoot," as he called it, which he had lately patented; so I remembered an important engagement, and hurried away. Whether London cabmen would treat a prostrate bicycle with as much deference as Dublin jarveys seem to do is doubtful.

A strange mishap lately befell one of the sons of Lord Dunsany. He was travelling rapidly along a road in Co. Meath, when the handle-bar suddenly came out of the socket. Of course, he received a heavy fall, but no damage was done. This incident should serve as a warning to all cyclists never to mount their machines without first assuring themselves that every nut and screw is tight and in good condition. Almost every time that a pedal comes off the rider has only himself to blame.

The fashion, started by ladies, of riding bright-coloured bicycles is increasing. Sir John Gorst has apparently re-painted his famous red wheel, and as he sailed down Regent Street the other day almost everybody turned to look at him. But for the red wheel, few would have recognised the illustrious Vice-President of the Education Department. Pale blue is a popular colour among ladies. Various shades of brown, pink, and yellow are also in demand. Grey opened steadily, but soon fell. Black, of course, remains firm. Bicycles nickel-plated all over are now seldom asked for.

At last we have a bicycle-dog. A well-known breeder, whose name I must omit, has discovered that by interbreeding specimens of two particular sorts of dog he can obtain a creature of strong constitution, able to travel fast, and to stay almost any distance. For nearly three years he has been experimenting, and during that time some of his creations almost resembled certain monsters of "The Island of Doctor Moreau." Perchance the Pneumatic Non-Slapping Tyre Company will now give way to a New Non-Tiring Cyclists' Cur Company, Limited.

I suppose that Germany is one of the countries where cycling is taken up least by women. For the last three years I only remember to have seen two lady cyclists in Nuremberg, although there may have been a few others. There are several large firms for the manufacture of bicycles, yet they are nearly all made for men. This is curious, but, as a rule, German women seldom go in for much out-of-door exercise; they are too distinctly domestic in their habits.

How different it is in this country wherever one goes! Roaming lately through the Yorkshire lanes in this lovely spring weather, the sun shining brightly, and with a fresh, bracing breeze in my face, I have met numbers of riders, more especially of the gentler sex, with great bunches of blackthorn tied on to the handles of their machines. They were quite a gala procession, with the great masses of white blossom looking so bright and festive, as they spun along the clean, wide roads, and through the narrow lanes.

When first ladies took up cycling we heard so much of the "rational dress." It seems to have quite lost favour with our sisters this side of the water, and a "Bloomer" costume in the Park or elsewhere is a *rara avis*, the skirt, either wide or narrow, being the costume almost exclusively adopted. The honorary secretary of the Yorkshire Ladies' Association confesses that she has tried both costumes, but that last season, when she covered over 2000 miles of road, including a 110-mile ride in a single day—from Peterborough to London—she found neither danger nor inconvenience in the use of an ordinary skirt. I am told that when parties of these Yorkshire ladies turn out for their country rides, the inhabitants of the villages they pass through flock to watch them, hoping and expecting to see some startling "rational costumes," and are, no doubt, much disappointed to see nothing out of the ordinary.

A short time ago a young lady in North Wales invented a way of keeping her skirt down on her cycle, by means of a kind of elastic band buttoned on to the bottom of the skirt, so that even in a gale of wind the skirt hung quite gracefully. She sent the idea to Redfern, who was much pleased with it, and has brought it out. I should strongly advise any of my readers to pay him a visit, as, no doubt, it has proved to be both useful and graceful to lady riders.

Lately I saw a pretty gown at Madame Moody's, of Queen's Road, Battersea Park. It was a green cover-coating coat and skirt, with a white cloth waistcoat embroidered with gold braid and trimmed with mess-buttons; she had made it for a well-known lady, and it looked most charming in the Park on the wearer. Madame Moody, I may say, does not approve of wide skirts, and never makes them more than three yards round.

Walking, a few days ago, through Windsor, I met three lady cyclists: they were a grandmother, a daughter, and a granddaughter. The grandmother told me she was the first to learn to ride.

The twentieth annual Stanley Show of Cycles and Cycle Accessories will be held at the Agricultural Hall, Nov. 20 to 28.



MISS VIGOR.
Photo by Faulkner, Baker Street, W.



NEW ZEALAND NEW WOMEN.
Photo by Standish and Preece, Christchurch, New Zealand.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

Cricket is not so controversial a game as football—thank the Fates!—but there are one or two points in the rules which provide endless food for argument. For instance, a correspondent has written asking me to revive the agitation regarding the run-out. He urges, and not without

logic, that it is not only ludicrous, but absolutely unfair, that a batsman's innings should count as a completed innings when, often through no fault of his, he has his wicket put down while he is out of his crease.

There are cases, I must confess, where the rule acts hardly—especially in its influence on a “pair of spectacles.” Posterity is told that So-and-so was twice dismissed in a certain match without scoring. Posterity never asks how the dismissals were effected, and so a batsman who has been clean bowled in each innings ranks on an equality with a batsman who has twice been run out before scoring—probably before he has had the opportunity of playing a single ball. I admit that the contingency is most unlikely, but its possibility is my justification for introducing it. An easy remedy lies to hand.

A player who has been run out should have his innings counted as not out—not, of course, with a view to his continuing, but for the purposes of reckoning in the averages. In club cricket there is frequently offered a prize for the best batting average during the season. Let us presume that the two leaders are partners and that one is badly run out. See what a wealth of suspicion will attach to the player who remains in. And, of course, nobody would conscientiously care to say whether the deed was wilful, because day after day we have to record instances of batsmen who are well set being foolishly run out in most remarkable fashion.

Another and an equally important amendment which I would like to mention is that which relates to the counting of overthrow runs against the bowler. Why the bowler should be made to suffer for the sins of the fieldsmen goodness only knows, and it is more astonishing still when one bears in mind that the bowler can send down wide after wide and no-ball after no-ball, and yet remain not a penny the worse off. I strongly maintain, apart altogether from the question of overthrows, that wides and no-balls should go against the bowler. They are essentially his fault, and the county suffers.

While I am on the subject of controversial laws of cricket, let me also express surprise that the legality of a batsman being run out off a wide or no-ball has never been questioned. A wide or a no-ball is, *ergo*, nothing. It is an extraneous infringement, and is declared so. How, then, can a player be run out off a ball which is declared to be an illegal ball? Surely it will not be urged that the ball ceases to be illegal the moment it is run for! On the face of it, it seems amusing, to say no more, that you cannot be stumped off a no-ball, and yet it can effect your dismissal—“run out.” We were ever a conservative people, so far as cricket was concerned; and, though that fact has its advantages, one cannot but regret that the Cricket Council should have been so short-lived. For it *might* have done some good.

If the 1896 season did not open so sensationaly as the last, there has not been lacking interest and, in some cases, excitement. The meeting of Lancashire and Yorkshire, for instance, produced some of the most absorbing play seen at Old Trafford. Yorkshire won by two wickets. How history does repeat itself when these two counties come together!

This time, however, there was just a little change. As a rule, Yorkshire hold a wholesome respect for Lancashire in a close finish, having regard to the three runs' defeat in 1889 and the five runs' defeat in 1893. They made an effort in this game, and, though at one time they did not look like getting the 167 runs required to win, it all came right in the end, and the verdict was two wickets. Considering that Lancashire won the toss, nobody can conscientiously begrudge Yorkshire their happy start. What will ever be regretted, however, is that the important Battle of the Roses should have had to take place on the three first days of the season.

Mr. W. Barclay Delacombe, whose portrait appears above, has been the secretary of the Derbyshire County Cricket Club since the season of 1889. Although he does not play, Mr. Delacombe takes the eye as an ideal athlete, for he stands as high as 6 ft. 5 in. He was born on the Isle of Ascension, on the coast of Africa, on July 20, 1860, and is exceedingly popular with the good people of the county.

To-morrow we are to have the Australians in town for the first time, and, if Essex are not quite strong enough to win, they should, at any rate, give a good account of themselves. Altogether, it will be a busy day.



MR. W. B. DELACOMBE.
Photo by White, Derby.

Surrey may find some trouble at Derbyshire, Sussex may be expected to meet their doom at Manchester, Yorkshire will probably win in Gloucestershire, and Leicestershire may be good enough for a moderate M.C.C. team at Lord's.

GOLF.

Governor's Island, America, is the latest home of golf. The military men at General Ruger's station have formed a golf club, and have laid out six good 6-hole links, extending around Fort Columbus in the centre of the island.

The Amateur Championship is to be played on May 19 and following days.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

If the Prince of Wales shd just miss winning the Derby with Persimmon, his Royal Highness has a great chance of taking the Oaks with Thais. I believe Lord Rosebery is very anxious to win the ladies' race at Epsom, and it may be that Avalon will go close. Jolly Boat ran very well in the One Thousand, and is capable of improvement. I think, however, Thais can be made better by June 5, and she will show off to advantage coming round Tattenham Corner. Marsh has certainly displayed fine judgment in the treatment of this filly, and, if she shines at Epsom, many good judges will be looking out for her at Doncaster.

It is a far cry to the Autumn Handicaps, yet certain of the Continental firms offer odds against anyone naming the winners of the double event, the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. I should say no one would be likely to bring off the double before the entries are out in two thousand guesses. Yet there are plenty of backers foolish enough to try their luck. I believe it is the event of the year if anyone does land a double with the Continental firms, and no wonder when the fearful odds against the guesser being successful are considered. Fancy betting is fashionable just now, but I certainly think the line should be drawn at gambling on races months before the entries are due.

The tie-tac men on the course are a nuisance, but they are hardly so obnoxious as the men who apparently go to the course during the canter and try and interview the jockeys after the latter have received their riding orders. It may be that many of the jockeys are desirous of backing their own mounts, or it may be otherwise; but in any case I do not think it is nice for an owner to see his jockey stopped by a commission agent during the preliminary canter. It should be added that very many of the jockeys do not gamble, but I believe some of them do, and that, too, on a large scale.

Colonel North's death will be a great loss to the Turf, as the Colonel, not content with spending money by keeping up a large stud of moderate horses, always entered them freely, thereby assisting the race fund; and, further, backed all his animals when they ran, which gave the ring a turn. The Colonel entertained on a lavish scale at meetings like Epsom and Ascot, while his luncheon-bills at the majority of the meetings that he attended were enormous. Colonel North raced for pleasure, but I really believe that if he had settled down with the determination to make the game pay he would have succeeded. He often had a number of advisers, as was shown by a remark he once made: “Everybody thinks such and such a horse is my best; now, I want to really know which is my worst, that I might back him.”

If it were not that the trainers like to be near the chief rings, I think it would be a great improvement if the weighing-room at Epsom were removed down close to the Paddock. It would certainly get rid of many vexatious delays, as, under existing arrangements, the horses finish half-way down the Paddock, and then have to return a quarter of a mile to the stands for the jockeys to weigh in. Of course, in the case of selling-races, the winning horses could be offered for sale in the stand enclosure, as is done now. If the suggestion were carried out, seven races might easily be got through in an afternoon without any delay except that caused by false starts at the post.

A well-known racegoer, who has followed the fortunes of the Turf for forty years, told me the other day that, in his opinion, the huge training-establishments of the present day are responsible for the large number of cunning horses that are running just now. He contended that no trainer should have more than thirty horses under his charge, so that he could personally attend their work and see them done down in the stables. As it is, a trainer with seventy or more horses under his charge must of necessity leave some of the supervising of their work to underlings, who, in turn, sometimes leave the boys to do as they please. The consequence is, tender-mouthed two-year-olds are scampered and frightened, only to have their heads nearly pulled off; and the ultimate result, in many instances, is the youngsters grow either shy or cunning.

Racecourse ruffianism is not so apparent as it was some years since, and yet at many meetings the small rings are infested with welshers and pickpockets. I have often wondered, in these days of electricity, that no one has invented an electric revolver, to fire a charge of electricity and bring a man down without doing him any material injury.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS AS THEY ARE.

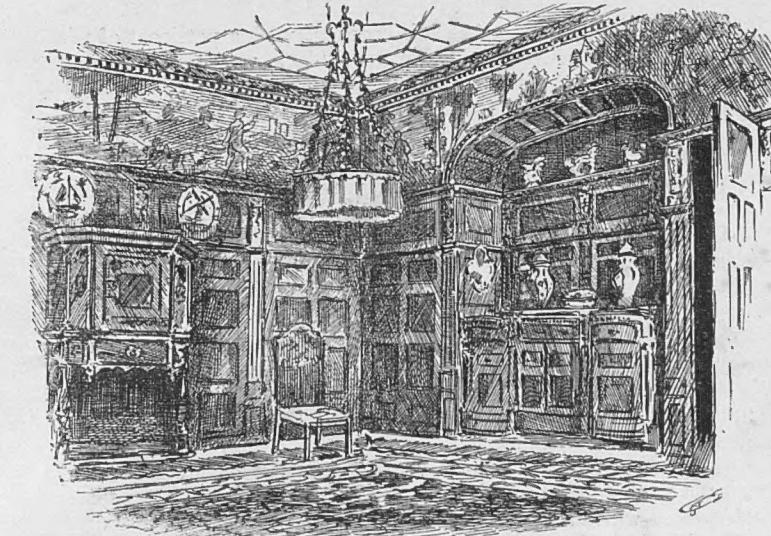
That enchanted corner which in everyday prose we speak of as Oxford Circus becomes the centre of a perfect Comedy of Convocation at this time of year more than all others. To see women of every size, age, and condition glued to the shop-windows on millinery delights solely and only intent, as one may now survey them, is a climax of the comicalities which abound in London streets. Only two days ago I had a modest commission for a country cousin at a well-known bonnet-shop in the Circus, but it was quite six minutes by the clock before I could insinuate myself between the throng of hypnotised femininity standing twelve deep on the pavement.

It is largely owing to the country cousin, no doubt, that this particular *locale* becomes blocked; for, if London shops in Bond Street, all Europe and beyond seemingly brings its guineas to Oxford

Circus in the sweet spring-time. And if men lightly—very lightly—attune themselves to sentiment at this season, we women are contrastingly serious on the subject of chiffons, as witness the half-mile radius from Jay's or Peter Robinson's any morning these weeks past.

Eschewing these fascinations of French millinery, I stopped short at Liberty's corner only yesterday with the object of inspecting a roomful of wonderful silks all "made in England," to borrow a legend of Teutonic significance.

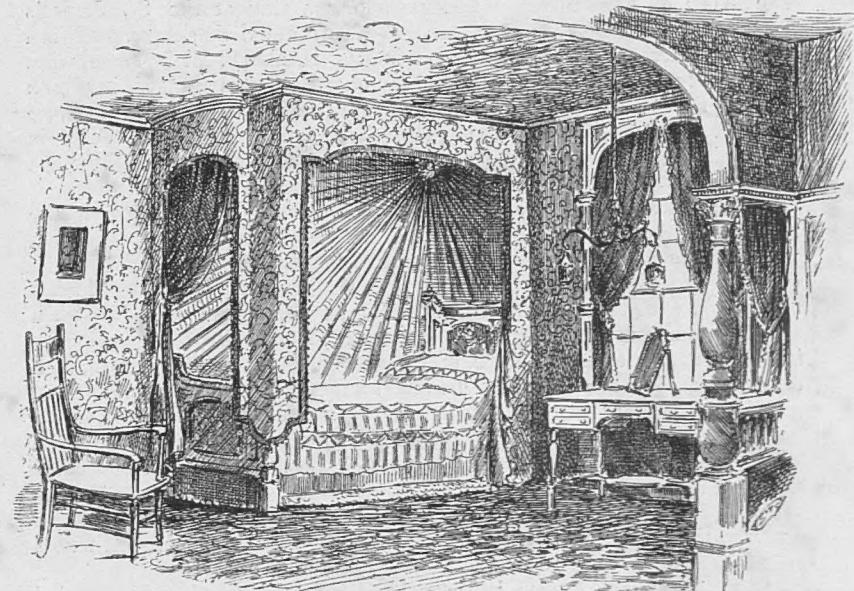
If Liberty deserves canonisation at the hands of Japan, artistically speaking, he certainly can claim no little commendation nearer home for the single-minded efforts so consistently made to popularise beautiful silks of native manufacture. Both in design and quality there seems nothing left to choose between these products of our home counties and the best effects of French centres, while for durability English silks are both known and acknowledged to be in at the death of all possible rivals. Staffordshire, which we are wont to associate with the potter's art solely,



[Copyright.
AN OAK-PANELLED DINING-ROOM IN THE "MODEL HOUSE."

has, for instance, quite a large silk-weaving industry, several examples of which are now to be seen in the Liberty Exhibition, notably two excellent designs called the Guelder Rose and "Sakura" respectively. Of the brocades and rich stuffs for which Spitalfields has long been celebrated, there are many sorts of varying beauty to choose from,

among them a rich white satin for evening-gowns, with a bold pattern of poppies in palest green, or a gorgeous yellow rich as the bowl of a buttercup; again, a pale green, with posies in Nature's colours of roses and lilac, with many more besides. Sheeny satins coming from Yorkshire looms, in finest texture and tints, are to be had for 4s. 11d. the yard, and some shot brocades in endless colour-combinations, called the *Myosotis* design, a marvel of modest price, apparently at the same figure. Altogether, taking these native creations into view, one realises that neither on the score of excellence nor economy can we longer refrain from being patriotic, as far as our silk dresses are concerned at the least. Not a hundred miles away from this, or at Debenham and Freebody's, to remain exact, a feast of reason is being offered dilettantism by an exhibition of ancient embroideries, among which are Spanish, Italian, French, Polish, and otherwise. What abnormal patience and truly fearsome keenness of vision those ancient dames and damsels must have owned to accomplish such marvels in floss silk as are here exposed to view. Both art and life must truly have been conjointly long in those old days, and even then a whole rosary of quiet lives may have handed one on to the other some of the intricate masterpieces collected here together. A pair of crimson velvet curtains, for instance, dating from the sixteenth century, are alone a monument of industry, thickly covered, as they are, with elaborate stitchery in the graceful Italian arabesques and scrolls and spirals of their period. A set of early Venetian bed-hangings, embroidered in white and coloured floss silks, must be a unique specimen



[Copyright.
A DAINTY BED-ROOM AT GRAHAM AND BANKS'.

of their kind; and a sixteenth-century quilt of white satin, stitched in coloured silks representing Chinese objects variously, is worthy of purchase for a museum. An ancient altar frontal, probably embroidered by the good nuns of some old Italian or Spanish convent, where most of such work was done, is a curious relic, with its laboriously stitched horticultural and zoological effects.

While on the topic of external decoration, I cannot help remarking on the popularity of the white house-front, which spreads and overflows from one street to another, until in a short time we shall have an unrecognisable London of such virginal whiteness as might put an Alpine slope out of countenance. Not long, though, do our three coats of ivory-white paint retain their pristine purity, for there is no quality of mercy in the Metropolitan smut which clings and soils with relentless industry. The ancient Chaldeans were more sensible people than we, after all, for they covered their houses with enamelled tiles, which remained perennially fresh, and would have run the gauntlet of a dozen London seasons without being an atom the worse—an idea which I present for respectful consideration to the builder; white encaustic tiles, or coloured *ad lib.*, would add infinitely to the gaiety of our grubby-complexioned streets and squares, and would, furthermore, repay their original cost by being practically everlasting. Inside, the artistic plenishing of our households proceeds apace, and as the refining influences of culture are spread abroad its powerful effects on the home are particularly noticeable. Young couples with yearnings for the beautiful on the one hand, and the horrid necessity of economy on the other, need now no longer wish hopelessly for luxurious environment. There are experts in all the arts, as, for example, Messrs. Graham and Banks, of Oxford Street, who, to skill and highly cultivated taste, add the cardinal virtue of extreme moderation in price, and so make possible even to modest purses a really beautiful interior. I must say I would not have thought it possible that workmanship of such excellence could have been produced so inexpensively had not a practical survey of the "Model House" at 445, Oxford Street, settled all doubts convincingly; for to furnish cheaply is always possible, but to combine a due moderation with the highest and best art is extremely rare.

To the connoisseur of world-wide travel and experience, or the unfeudged young folk on the brink of decorative domesticity, a glance at this Model House aforesaid will be equally a luxury. In one case it can but confirm knowledge, while in the other it cannot but guide the taste into the best and most noteworthy direction. Take the dining-room, with high oaken panelling under a deep frieze of tapestry. The whole scheme, with its ancient fireplace and alcoved sideboard, is a symphony of form and tone—reposeful, mellow in colour, a delight and rest to brain and eye. The drawing-room, in rose and white, is furnished in the period of Louis Seize, with *Vernis Martin* cabinets and ormolu wall-candlesticks and dainty couches of striped brocade and dull gilt frames, that perfect taste predominating all for which one cannot too strongly commend this establishment. When we come to reflect that half our lives are spent in our bed-rooms, it becomes apparent that more pains might be profitably spent in making them pleasant to the occupant than is the custom with us. A suite of furniture, a carpet, an emphatically comfortable bed, and, ordinarily speaking, there is nothing further to be done or thought of. But not on such Philistine plans are the bed-rooms constructed which figure in the Model House. Cosily arranged alcoves near the fireplaces, book-shelves within reach of one's pillow, an admirably arranged succession of wardrobes and recesses which, while economising space, give a distinctly ornamental effect. In one of the bed-rooms there is an arrangement of electric-light over an alcoved bedstead, which gives the effect of a star with rays spreading in all directions, these being carried out by means of admirably draped rose-coloured silk. Some of the chintzes and curtain stuffs at Graham and Banks' are a liberal education in colour.

SYBIL.

DRESS AT THE PLAY.

The King of Ruritania is making so long a stay at the St. James's that most of the ladies of his Court have worn out their gowns, and been obliged to invest in new ones. There is Miss Hanbury, for instance, who, in the first act, has exchanged that very charming mauve glacé, in which she was first introduced to us as Antoinette de Mauban, for an even more effective costume, with a skirt of green moiré, and a plain silk bodice in a paler shade; while the cape which accompanies it is one of the most desirable garments which I have met this season.

Fine cloth in another and a darker shade of the chosen green is the material thereof, combined with a frill of the ever-present grass-lawn, which is adorned with an appliquéd edging of lace, the large collar of the cloth being elaborately embroidered in white and delicate tones of pink and green, with touches of silver gleaming here and there, the grass-lawn appearing once more as turned-back revers. The hang of the full folds is a delight to the feminine eye, and reveals a lining of white satin, and crowning all is a big black hat, trimmed with graceful ostrich plumes.

Miss Hanbury looks magnificently handsome in her new gown—that goes without saying—and as for the white satin robe in the last act, where she is subjected to such rough usage in the Castle of Zenda, it has been renewed not once, but many times—almost as often, in fact, as that wonderful Court-dress of Princess Flavia, for which my admiration grows with every fresh visit, so beautiful is it in all its pure whiteness and shining silver.

Miss Olga Brandon also has a new Court-gown for Act II., carried out in orange satin, the bodice one glittering mass of beetle's-wing embroidery, with threads of gold interwoven, while down each side of the skirt goes a band of the same lovely trimming. For shoulder-straps there are bands of the embroidery, and, on the *décolletage*, one side is arranged with a foam of orange-coloured chiffon, and the other with a touch of dark-green velvet.

The train remains the same—white silk brocaded with a quaint design of grey roses and feathery green foliage—while the vivid-orange colouring is repeated in the lining. There are many other new gowns, but these are the most notable—probably before the Ruritanian Court breaks up we shall be treated to a sight of still more new attire.

Then, to go from this old-established favourite to the latest new-comer, in the shape of "Henry IV.," at the Haymarket, Mrs. Tree, as Lady Percy, is charming in a quaint green dress, made beautiful with some wonderful jewelled trimming and sleeves of golden tissue gleaming with green, while from her shoulders hangs a long white cloak bordered with gold lace, which is all wrought with pearls and precious stones, her white satin hood, too, being sewn thickly with pearls. Mrs. Tree is evidently enamoured of this particular shade of green, which she wore before in "A Woman's Reason," while the coat-and-skirt costume in which she appeared (after her part was finished) at the dress-rehearsal again repeated the same note of colour.

Miss Marion Evans, as Lady Mortimer, has a greyish-blue brocade gown, edged with fur and looped up over a velvet petticoat; and very charming she looks as she sings her exquisite love-song in Welsh. She is a pretty, unaffected girl, who never set foot on a stage before, though she has often sung at concerts, and it was only on the Saturday before the production that she took up the part.

And now to transport ourselves to the days of powder and patches, for the sake of the latest Lady Teazle, otherwise Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who, at the famous Wyndham Benefit at the Lyceum, introduced us to a couple of exquisite gowns, as well as to a new rendering of the character. The first had a petticoat of white satin, bedecked with two flounces of costly lace, and an over-dress of white satin, brocaded with white and pink flowers and their attendant green leaves, while the lining reproduced the deepest shade of pink, and a lace fichu was draped gracefully round the shoulders. The powdered

hair was half concealed by a filmy lace scarf, and the picture was altogether a lovely one, save that Mrs. Campbell would have done well to give a touch of colour to her cheeks, which, as it was, were too white to bear contrast with the white hair.

For the famous screen scene her dress was even more gorgeously beautiful, fashioned, as it was, of white brocade, patterned with deep terra-cotta flowers, and lined with pale-mauve satin, while it opened over a petticoat of eau-de-Nil satin, where flounces of old lace were caught up with true-lovers' knots in flashing green stones; a head-dress of green



[Copyright.]

MISS HANBURY IN "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA."

chiffon forming a huge, long-ended bow at the back, while in front uprose one high white ostrich feather and a cluster of pink roses, and an ebony staff bedecked with a bouquet of white roses and green and mauve streamers completed the costume.

Miss Mary Moore was in rose-pink brocade, with a petticoat of white satin, a frilled white fichu, and touches of black velvet at throat and elbow, repeated in the black velvet hat with its white plumes. And Miss Jessie Millward wore rose and black shot glacé, trimmed with black net, overlaid with an appliquéd cream lace, and a black hat adorned with many black ostrich feathers.

On the other side of the footlights, the latest theatrical bride, Miss Lena Ashwell, looked sweet in a plain coat-and-skirt costume of greyish-blue cloth, and a black chip hat trimmed with grey tulle and black feathers; Miss Sarah Brooke being also very simply gowned in a grey tailor-made, her brown straw hat trimmed with green tulle, white roses, and white lilac. Miss Vane Featherstone wore grey and pink shot glacé, with touches of green satin and lace for trimming, and a green straw hat wreathed round with tulle and roses, and Miss Fay Davis's black satin skirt was worn with a pink chiné silk bodice, and made notable by an enormous cravat bow of white tulle, while many pink roses nodded on her black hat.

Miss Lily Hanbury had also favoured a black skirt and a blouse bodice, made in this case of white satin, with trimmings and transparent under-sleeves of white lace sewn with gold paillettes, her hat, of drawn black tulle, bearing a burden of white ostrich feathers and pink roses, Miss Evelyn Millard, who accompanied her, being all in white, wishful, evidently, to retain her identity with the Princess Flavia in spite of the absence of the "glorious Elphberg" hair.

Miss May Palfrey, in a Princess gown of dove-grey cloth and a frilled fichu of tender-grey chiffon edged with black, sat next to Mrs. Blanchard, and the list of the other notabilities and their more or less gorgeous attire might be extended *ad libitum*.

FLORENCE.

CITY NOTES.

THE LATE COLONEL NORTH.

A very well-known figure has disappeared from the City by the sudden death of Colonel North. He used to be known as "the Nitrate King," and was a man whom not to know was to argue oneself unknown, for the range of his activities was very wide, and extended far beyond the group of companies devoted to the fertiliser. In order to show how varied were his interests, we need only turn to the latest "Directory of Directors," and there we find the following list of companies after his name : Arauco Company (chairman); Bank of Tarapacá and London (chairman); Colorado Nitrate Company (chairman); Lagunas Nitrate Company (chairman); Lagunas Syndicate (chairman); Liverpool Nitrate Company (chairman); Londonderry Gold-Mine (chairman); Nitrate Railways Company (chairman); North's Navigation Collieries (1889) (chairman); Paccha and Jazpampa Nitrate Company (chairman); Port Talbot Railway and Docks Company; Primitiva Nitrate Company (chairman); Ripanji Quicksilver and Silver Mines.

No less than thirteen distinct companies are represented there, and in all cases he was chairman excepting two—the Ripanji Mines, which was a burst bubble, and the Port Talbot Railway, which is a small local line to serve the district immediately adjoining his Navigation Collieries. His energies, moreover, did not find sufficient scope in even these thirteen ventures, for he was always looking about for fresh fields of operations, and, as an example, had adopted Ostend as his own, and was endeavouring to provide it with hotel and other facilities that would attract the tourist. In Belgium also he had a great brick-field scheme on hand ; and, in short, there was no saying where he would turn up next as a financier, for even on the Turf and on the coursing-field he was well to the front, and was becoming more prominent year by year. The market for such commodities as cloves and camphor even was not unknown to the Colonel.

Such a man as this must be missed in many quarters when he leaves this world, for it must be said of the Colonel that he made himself felt wherever he appeared. But we do not think that his disappearance from the scene of his busy life will create so much disturbance as might have been supposed. The nitrate industry has been placed on too solid a basis to be disturbed by the death of even the most prominent man engaged in the working of the fields. Indeed, we should go further than this, and say that the future of the nitrate companies will probably be all the more prosperous now that the Colonel is gone, for he was a dogmatic and belligerent chairman, whose actions were not always calculated to help on the companies over which he presided.

His career was a most extraordinary one. He went out to Chile as a skilled artisan, to instruct the South American agriculturists in the

and those who were present at the famous meeting of the Londonderry Mine, when he had to face an angry crowd of shareholders who regarded themselves as defrauded, will not readily forget how he hurled at the meeting a great bundle of share-certificates, in order to show how absolute was his proposed restitution. The roll struck a reporter on the top of the head, and the enraged scribe at once seized on it and sent it hurtling back to the platform, within an inch of the Colonel's ear. That was the sort of incident that pleased him beyond measure, for the meetings of his companies were surely the most unconventional assemblies of the kind ever held. His manner was so brusque that the usual amenities of civilisation were forgotten in his presence, and, after he had bullied a meeting through the business of the day, it was frequently the case that nobody felt sufficiently grateful to propose the usual vote of thanks. But the Colonel would never be balked

of his dues. "Well, now," he would shout, "who's going to propose a vote of thanks to me? I shan't leave this chair, you know, without a vote of thanks. Come along now, some of you, and give me my vote of thanks!"

The Colonel's worst fault was his perpetual optimism. We remember how Primitivas were once £35 a share, and how the Colonel was then enthusiastic as to their future, while they are now to be had for a few shillings. We remember, too, how he advised the public to "buy a hundred Ripanjis, and you will drive in a carriage and pair," but that the equipage did not quite come along. Finally, we remember how he described the Londonderry Mine as simply a case of lifting out solid gold with a shovel ; and we know how that venture turned out.

Yet, with all his limitations, the Colonel was a man who made himself liked in most quarters ; and even his most hostile critics will miss him. In all probability Mr. Robert Harvey will succeed to the chairmanship of the majority of Colonel North's companies ; he was for several years in partnership with the late Colonel, and was present during his old friend's last moments—indeed, the Colonel may be said to have died in the arms of his former partner.

Mr. Robert Harvey is the architect of his own fortune. Still on the right side of fifty, he is as active and alert as when the Peruvian Government appointed him Engineer of the Province of Tarapacá and Inspector-General of the Nitrate Fields and Works. After the war between Chili and Peru, he was taken prisoner by the Chilians, whose Government showed their good sense by engaging Mr. Harvey's services.

Mr. Harvey took a leading part in the formation of the Colorado and Liverpool Nitrate Companies, and was presented by the latter with a service of plate. He was largely concerned, also, in the development of the Nitrate Railways and the Tarapacá Waterworks, besides aiding in the creation of other subsidiary nitrate enterprises, and becoming a director of North's Navigation Collieries, near Cardiff.

GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.

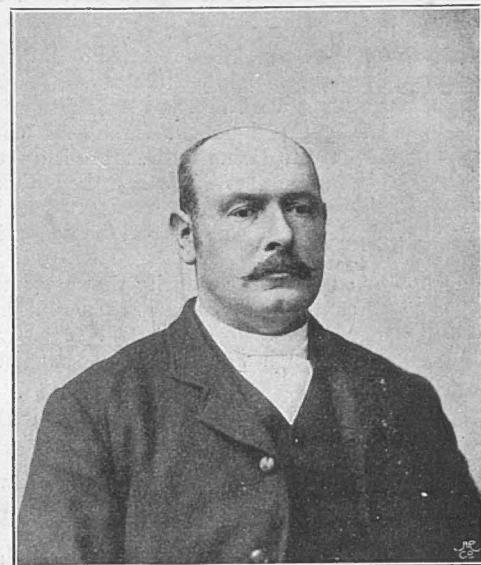
We are all familiar with the general fact that the value of the best Home securities has been appreciating of late years in a very remarkable way. But we doubt if the extent of the appreciation is fully realised. By the investor the change is better understood when worked out to show the reduction in the rate of interest obtainable on money with first-class security, than when prices are merely quoted. Here is an interesting and instructive table regarding the debenture and preference stocks of a few leading Home Railway Companies—



THE LATE COLONEL NORTH AND MR. HARRY NORTH.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

use of the steam-plough. In Chile he found the nitrate-fields, and he had the acumen to see the fortune that lay there. From the position of an artisan he worked his way by clever financing into the position of a millionaire, and for years his name was, perhaps, the most prominent in speculative circles in the City, for it was the fashion of the day to gamble in the shares of North's companies. Yet, to the last, although revelling in wealth, the Colonel retained the rugged manners of the artisan,



MR. HARVEY.

Photo by J. Blake, Devonport.

	Yield beginning of				
	1870.	1880.	1885.	1889.	1896.
DEBENTURE STOCKS.					
Great Northern	4·0	3·6	3·4	3·1	2·6
Great Western	4·4	3·8	3·4	3·1	2·6
London and North-Western	4·0	3·6	3·2	3·0	2·6
Midland	4·0	3·6	3·4	3·1	2·6
North-Eastern	4·0	3·7	3·4	3·1	2·6
South-Eastern	4·4	3·8	3·5	3·1	2·7
PREFERENCE STOCKS.					
Great Northern	4·5	3·9	3·6	3·2	2·7
Great Western	4·6	3·8	3·6	3·2	2·7
London and North-Western	4·4	3·8	3·5	3·2	2·7
Midland	4·4	3·8	3·6	3·2	2·7
North-Eastern	4·5	3·8	3·6	3·2	2·7
South-Eastern	4·9	3·9	3·7	3·2	2·7

The figures are rather startling, and, when looked at closely, suggest more than one train of financial thought. In the first place, it is to be

noticed that, while in 1870 there was a difference of about a-half per cent. on the average between the yields on debenture and preference stocks, that difference has now practically disappeared.

"HOME RAILWAYS AS INVESTMENTS."

Under the above title, Mr. W. J. Stevens has written a very useful book of reference, which is published by Effingham Wilson. Mr. Stevens is known as a careful and competent statistician in railway matters, and he has put a lot of work into this publication. Apart from the interesting matter in the text of the book, which deals with all the live questions of the day in regard to Home Rails, there is a set of elaborate comparative tables—eleven in number—in which the author works out, in the clearest form, all the particulars and percentages that any reasonable person can desire regarding the English and Scotch railway companies up to the end of 1895.

We hear on the best authority that a compromise has been arrived at between the contending factions in the Chatham squabble, and that the terms arranged are favourable to the second preference holders. This stock should be worth buying if it does not rise before these lines appear in print.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

The splendid return from the Lady Loch Mine is even more satisfactory than the "bulls" expected, and we have an idea that the yield of the Forrest King of Coolgardie, an offshoot of the Lady Loch, will be first class. It is reported that the Forrest King stone is to follow the 200 tons of the Lady Loch through the same battery, and, if this is so, crushing has actually begun.

Many of our readers complain that we have not given them any information as to Burbank's of late, and perhaps the complaint is, to some extent, justified; but it is impossible week after week to keep harping on the same strain, and our silence must not be taken in any unfavourable sense. The exact position is that crushing is going on at the five-head Londonderry battery, which has been hired, and the last return of 96 tons for 312 oz., to say nothing of tailings, speaks for itself. Three-quarters of the machinery for the company's own battery is on the ground, and the remainder in course of shipment from Melbourne. We said the company's crushing plant could not be at work before the end of June, and now it seems as if August ought to have been substituted for the earlier date; but, meanwhile, the quality of the stone and the value of the mine is every day becoming more self-evident.

The White Feather Reward, which, with its small capital, has always been a favourite of ours, keeps up its two-ounce average, while Mount Margaret, which we have persistently advised from private information, has had a considerable jump. So many of our friends want low-priced shares that we are obliged to look out for something to recommend them, and, after inquiry, we are satisfied that the five-shilling shares of Croydon Consols at about four shillings are worth locking up. The last crushing was 560 tons for 2095 ounces, and, as the whole capital is but £100,000, if the mine can keep up anything like this average, dividends should be well within sight.

The tip in everybody's mouth is Woodstock (Transvaal) shares, which those in the know say will reach £2 within a month. We do not vouch for this, but something is in the wind, and at, say 1½, or some such price, we believe buyers will see a quick profit.

NEW MINING ENTERPRISES.

Several big mining ventures are in course of preparation, one, under the title of the Kauri Mining Corporation, to deal with 36,000 acres of freehold land in New Zealand, and another a large exploration company for the United States. It is said Mr. Beit wanted to take the whole capital himself, but that the limit of subscriptions is to be £5000, for which amount all the South African magnates, such as J. B. Robinson, Neumann, and Mosenthal, have come in. A property alongside the Anaconda is under option to the concern, and the first issue is to be only £50,000 in £1 shares.

NEW ISSUES.

The Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company, Limited, with a share-capital of £4,000,000 and an additional million of debentures, is at last before the public. Not only does the company acquire the business and goodwill of the Pneumatic Tyre Company, but the "Clincher" and the "Westwood Rim" patents, and, in the opinion of the two most eminent counsel who advise on patent law, controls all forms of pneumatic tyre *now in general use* in this country. The profits of the Pneumatic Tyre Company alone for the last six months are certified as £215,985, or at the rate of £432,000 a-year; and to this must be added £25,000 from the "Clincher" patents, £22,000 from the "Westwood Rim" patents, and, in our opinion, far more than the £3000 a-year should be taken credit for as royalties payable by the Palmer Tyre Company. Say £500,000 a-year in all.

Of course, the bicycle trade is very active, and cannot perhaps be expected to continue in the same state for any great length of time; but the ordinary carriage business, so far as pneumatic tyres are concerned, is in its infancy, and the motor-car industry has not emerged from long clothes. On the whole, even allowing that the bicycle trade is in an exceptional state, we consider any falling-off in this direction may reasonably be expected to be more than counterbalanced by the application of pneumatic tyres to carriages and motor-cars. The preference shares

should present what so many people want—a secure 5 per cent investment; but for those who are willing to take the risks of trade, either the ordinary or deferred shares will be most in fashion.

The Ixion Pneumatic Tyre Company, Limited, with a capital of £100,000, is, we suppose, called a Tyre Company because it is going to fight the Dunlop patents—a thing which has been done before, without success—and because "Tyre" is a word to conjure with just at present. The result of the business hitherto carried on is not given, for prudent reasons, we suppose, and although the concern will be sure to be a first-rate thing for Mr. J. Hands, the solicitor who will have the fighting of the various actions, we doubt if it will prove so lucrative to its shareholders, among whom, we trust, will be found none of our readers.

The New Grand Hotel, Birmingham, Limited, is offering 13,334 ordinary shares and 14,000 5½ per cent. preference shares, both of £5 each, and also £50,000 4 per cent. first mortgage debentures. We do not often say a good word for provincial hotel companies, but this appears to us an exception to the general rule, and, from the names behind it and our knowledge of Birmingham, there is every prospect of the company doing well.

Saturday, May 9, 1896.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the "City Editor." Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

RUMPEL.—What on earth has the "City Editor" to do with Miss Letty Lind? If you want to know when pictures of even such a charming lady as the one you name were published, and how you can get them, you really must write to the Editor, and enclose stamped and directed envelope for his reply. We are sick of such inquiries, which have nothing to do with our department of the paper.

S. D. R.—See this week's "Notes."

A. P. R.—We wrote you fully on the 7th inst.

DUBIOUS.—See this week's "Notes." For the present we think well of it.

J. R.—Ten questions, all of a doubtful nature, are rather a strong order. We can only say what we should do if we owned the various things. (1) All would depend on the price we bought at. If there was a good profit, we should take half and hold half; if not, hold all. (2) Hold. See this week's "Notes." (3) Very doubtful. Take a small profit. (4) We know very little of this concern. (5) You have bought high, so you had better hold on for, say, 1½. (6) Same as 4. (7) A very fair American brewery. You will get good interest. (8) Hold. (9) Hold, but take a reasonable profit. (10) We don't like it. See this week's "Notes" for investments.

H. M.—We wrote you fully on the 6th inst., and in answer to your second letter wired to you on the 9th, and wrote on the 10th.

AMOS.—See this week's "Notes." We are obliged by yours of the 4th inst.

H. K. R.—We wrote to you on the 7th inst.

SECURITY.—Of course, industrial securities are not of the highest class, and you must run the risks of trade with them. We think well of Nos. 4, 7, and 9 for your purpose, and should say Humber pref., United States Brewery pref., Assam Railway and Trading pre-pref. 8 per cent shares, Ely Brothers, and Home and Colonial Stores pref. would suit you.

NITRATE.—(1) We do not care much for these shares, but they pay high interest, and are as safe or risky as most other things yielding as high a rate. (2) The mine is, in our opinion, a "do."

E. K. D.—We wrote to you fully on the 7th inst.

OMEGA.—We consider none of the people you name safe. No 3 we have made special inquiries about in America, with very unsatisfactory results. We never give names of brokers in this column, but can do so by private letter in accordance with Rule 5.

NONSUCH.—See last answer. No 3 there referred to is No. 1 in your list.

MAC.—We see no reason to sell the Railways, and, if you do, the same class of investments cannot be got at present at reasonable prices. Chatham second pref. is worth buying. Both industrials are good.

NAUTICUS.—We approve of the *best* American Railways, such as you name; but there is the everlasting currency question, which is a source of danger. Some of the best gold bonds should suit you better than ordinary shares, although they yield less interest.

EAST YORKS.—We propose to print R. C. and Co.'s letters, suppressing your name, of course, next week, as a warning to others. If you will comply with Rule 5, we will send you privately the name of a good firm who will sell you bonds at the market-price, and tell you all about them.

YOUNG INVESTOR.—We have no space to answer your letter at length. The cover system is a fraud. The firm you mention we would not touch with a barge-pole. See this week's "Notes" for tips.

FROME-SELWOOD.—(1 and 2) We hear good advices of this company, but don't think well of it ourselves. (3) Doubtful, but we should get out if we had our own money in it.

CITIZEN.—We don't like the concern you name. The brokers are very good people, but you must not build on brokers alone, as all they care about in most cases is to get their fee for going on a prospectus.

NOVICE.—See answer to "Young Investor." (1) We still think well of the company, but, in the present state of Transvaal affairs, the only wonder is that its shares have not gone lower. Who can tell how soon such shares will get absorbed? Tell us the end of the political complications, and we will answer your question. We should not be afraid to buy. (2) We do not advise purchase. (3) Ditto in the present state of affairs. Sixty new stamps were to have started next month, but, with wars and rumours of wars, there will probably be delay. (4) See this week's "Notes." (5) We should hold, as, privately, we hear good accounts of the progress of the mine. (6 and 7) We have nothing of value to add to what we said before. "Truth" is always sanguine.

WELLEN.—On the whole, we think well of the purchases you suggest. Add Chatham second pref.

C. C. H. AND J. D.—We wrote to you fully on the 9th inst.

W. M.—We will make inquiries, and write to you before these lines are in print. If you have not heard when you read this, please believe we are making further inquiries, or have difficulty in getting information of value.

M. W. W.—We replied to your inquiry on the 9th inst.

The Eastbourne Carnival week begins on Monday. The Brighton Railway Company are announcing that they have arranged to issue special cheap season tickets from London to Eastbourne available for the week.